

THE  
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AND ENGLISH  
Review**

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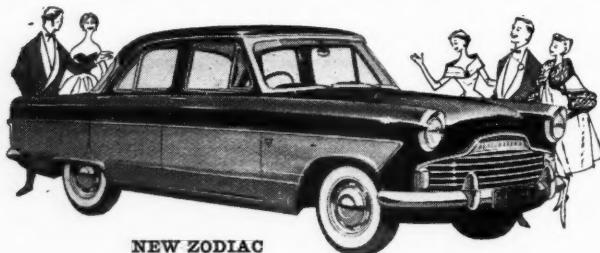
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## CONTENTS

MARCH, 1959

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Episodes of the Month. <i>The Editor</i>	87
Monarchy and Commonwealth. <i>Lord Altrincham</i>	89
Dossier No. 11: <i>Lord Mountbatten</i>	93
Children of Darkness? <i>Bankole Timothy</i>	99
Anniversary of a Milestone. <i>Denys Smith</i>	102
On the Mat. <i>Axminster</i>	104
Correspondence. <i>Mr. Percival M. Dearle. Capt. H. C. B. Pipon, R.N.</i>	105
Books: General	
<i>Groping for the Truth. Nigel Calder</i>	106
<i>African Anthology. Hon. Anthony Grigg</i>	107
<i>Churchill Compressed. Eric Gillett</i>	108
Novels. <i>Milward Kennedy</i>	111
Records. <i>Alec Robertson</i>	115
Finance. <i>Lombardo</i>	117
Crossword No. 31	119

*Cover Picture: Prince Philip with Mr. Nehru on arrival at New Delhi airport. (Photo: Keystone)*

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8/21

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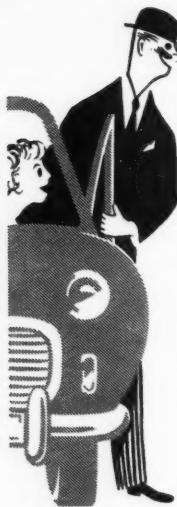
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# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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## *Episodes of the Month*

### AT LAST

“DEPEND upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.” Dr. Johnson was right—and we may add that the same effect of concentration is produced by an imminent blockage of Berlin and an imminent General Election. Mr. Harold Macmillan’s bold decision to go on his own to Moscow (not the same thing as “going it alone”) must be applauded, though it is a pity that such an initiative could not have been taken long ago.

His departure has been sweetened by a Cyprus settlement, which occurred with dramatic swiftness after the Greeks and the Turks had reached an understanding at Zürich. A final conference was held in London, to which Archbishop Makarios came as representative of the Greek Cypriots and stayed, with true Christian simplicity, at the Dorchester. Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, had to be accommodated at the London Clinic, having narrowly escaped with his life when his aircraft crashed as it was about to land at Gatwick. Rather symbolically, the Cyprus dispute was therefore officially terminated in a hospital, the other High Contracting Parties being in attendance at Mr. Menderes’ bedside. Historians may have murmured little jokes about “the sick man of Europe”.

The new set-up in Cyprus is most unlikely to be workable, but that is unimportant. Now that the deadlock has been broken, it is to be hoped that changes will happen in the future without undue bitterness and above all without further bloodshed. This is no time to recriminate about the past. With Cyprus, unlike Suez, the record at least is straight, and the public is thus in a posi-

tion to judge the rights and wrongs. Statesmen should not be blamed for changing their minds, if they do so openly and if the consequences are good. Mr. Gaitskell was unwise to show such a carping spirit when the Prime Minister made his announcement in the House of Commons. The Labour leadership has by no means excelled on the Cyprus issue. If anyone was entitled to demand an apology it was Mrs. Barbara Castle, but it was owing to her as much from her own Front Bench as from the Government.

Answering a question on Cyprus the Prime Minister said:—“I think that in any settlement, if it is to be satisfactory, sacrifices are made on all sides”. He must remember this sage maxim when dealing with the Russians. There will be no agreement about Berlin, no agreement on nuclear weapons or general disarmament, unless the West is prepared to make concessions. We have steadily argued in these columns that the recognition of Eastern Germany would be a reasonable *quid pro quo*, if the Russians were prepared to cooperate in ending the arms race. There are grounds for hoping that they may be sincere in wanting to end the Cold War—at any rate in the military sense. A world in which weapons of mass destruction were proliferating in the hands of many sovereign governments—including the Chinese Communist—would be as unhealthy for them as for their opponents. Moreover they must know, now that they are beginning to reap the fruits of their long-term investment and their rigid control of home consumption, that a great future awaits them in peaceful competition for world markets.

There is no doubt that they also genuinely fear a reunited Germany. Lord Montgomery and others persist in saying that all our post-war troubles are due to the division of Germany, but it would surely be much truer to say that our pre-war troubles were due to a united Germany. We should not allow our policy to be dictated by the irredentist emotions of the West Germans, even if those emotions were entirely sincere and not—as in fact they are—partly simulated. Dr. Adenauer and others who share his outlook must be well aware that a reunited Germany would probably not vote Christian Democrat, and that the policy of West European integration, now so far advanced, would be threatened if the present division of Germany were ended.

A sad complication has been the illness of Mr. Dulles. It seems unlikely that he will ever return to active duty at the State Department, though his character is so indomitable that even this possibility must not be ruled out. What is certain is that he will be out of action during the critical period that lies immediately ahead, and the consequent lacuna in American policy-making is much to be regretted. Mr. Dulles suffers from a doctrinaire and ideological tendency which has blinded many to his very substantial virtues and his commanding intellect. It will be hard to find another Secretary of State with his grasp of detail, his energy and his courage. It should, however, be possible to find one with more flexibility in negotiation and a greater capacity for diplomatic reticence.

### Penal Reform

The Home Secretary's White Paper on Penal Reform, which finally saw the light of day at the beginning of last month, has received varying degrees of praise. It was inevitable, after so much speculation as to how far Mr. Butler was prepared to go in this field, and the high hopes which had been raised on behalf of pet schemes, that there should in the end be a certain amount of disappointment. Nevertheless, it is fair to say that the White Paper is a major landmark in social progress.

This is the first time that any Government has attempted to lay down the broad lines of advance for the penal system and, Home Secretaries (and the present one for that matter) will be bound by the principles of the White Paper.

The reformatory aspect of punishment is now emphasised for the first time in a British

Government document. For the first time for over a century new prisons are to be built, and they will be prisons in which it will be possible to undertake the "clinical" job of attempting to cure the criminal. At the same time, the provision of remand centres will enable the convicted and the unconvicted to be segregated; their mixture up to now has been one of the scandals of our prison system. There is to be an enquiry—long overdue—into the probation service, and if, as seems inevitable, the enquiry shows that a good deal more money is needed for the service, it is to be hoped that this money will be forthcoming, just as a reluctant Treasury has at last been coerced into granting more money for the prisons themselves. Miss Margery Fry's suggestion of a National Compensation Fund is to be exhaustively examined; it is a pity that this could not be accepted outright, as it is essentially the same as the Workmen's Compensation Fund which has been functioning successfully for more than fifty years. The whole question of earnings in prison is also to be examined. Better pay for convicts will inevitably face strong opposition from the less enlightened trade-unionists, but the Government must stand firm on this vital point. More detention centres, which have proved highly successful in deterring young offenders, are to be built, but it is clear that these will not be the only, or indeed the principal, means of dealing with juveniles since the White Paper recommends the "indeterminate sentence" for youths in need of training.

Critics maintain that far too much is still left to committees (though it must be admitted that only the really complicated matters have been so shelved) and that the treatment of psychopathic crime and the erection of the so-called East-Hubert Institution for criminal diagnostics are ignored. This is true, but the provisions of the Mental Health Bill dealing with psychopaths must be borne in mind in this connection. The major disappointment, in fact, is the passage in the document dealing with the police. Only three paragraphs, all of them of a bromide nature, have been included in the subject, and there are no suggestions for the recruitment of more policemen, no mention of the Liverpool scheme for using policemen almost as probation officers (it is rumoured that the Home Office does not like this) and no mention of the Nottingham experiment in traffic-wardens which leaves the regular police force free to deal with crime.

# MONARCHY AND COMMONWEALTH

## *Reactions to a Speech*

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

ON January 14th I spoke at a luncheon of the Commonwealth Correspondents' Association. The subject on which I was asked to speak was "The Queen's Role in the Modern Commonwealth", and I made the following main points:—

1. The modern Commonwealth is something new and revolutionary. It is not an extension of the British Empire by other means, and it is only partly British in origin and composition. Mahatma Gandhi, rather than St. George, should be its patron saint.

2. It should stand for definite principles—anti-racialism, Parliamentary government, universal suffrage, the rule of law, economic fair shares, and peace. It should not be a mere haphazard collection of States, without principle and with no practical effectiveness.

3. The Queen, as Head of the Commonwealth, has a wonderful opportunity. But she must live on the Commonwealth scale.

4. At present she is still based on the United Kingdom and her activities elsewhere, though increasing, are still secondary. When she goes to another Commonwealth country she is a tourist rather than a resident.

5. Were she to reside more in other parts of the Commonwealth her family life would suffer less than it does now. Her children would be able to fly to her for their holidays wherever she happened to be staying and they would thus grow up as true citizens of the Commonwealth, having the chance to make friendships, even marriages, which in the ordinary way would be unlikely.

6. The Queen's official entourage should be in keeping with her new role: that is to say, it should consist of first-class people from every part of the Commonwealth, not just of upper-class Englishmen.

7. As Head of the Commonwealth the Queen is not dependent upon the advice of any national Prime Minister: she is the captain of her own soul and should not be afraid to proclaim the principles of the

Commonwealth, even though she might on occasion, by so doing, fall foul of individual governments. Her function as Head of the Commonwealth is vastly more important than that of national sovereign.

★ ★ ★

This speech was very well reported, both here and overseas. Whatever their opinion of the speaker, editors seem to have felt that the public should be given a chance to consider his views. Even *The Times* (which for four days suppressed all mention of the world-wide controversy started by an article in these columns, in August, 1957) descended to print a report of the speech, though admittedly a very short one. Nor was there any serious attempt to impugn my motives or to put a false construction upon my words. The *Daily Express* and a few other papers tried, it is true, to suggest that I was telling the Royal Family whom they should marry; but inasmuch as readers were in a position to see for themselves what I had actually said, I was not unduly concerned by this misrepresentation.

How did the public react? The most striking and encouraging sign was the relative *absence* of reaction. When I first put forward criticisms of the present Queen's approach to her job, one section of the public suffered what may only be described as a brainstorm. There was much violent talk, and one rather pathetic act of violence; inscriptions were daubed outside my flat and my office in London, and on the wall of my mother's house in the country; hundreds of abusive letters were sent to me (though it must be stated that these were far outnumbered by letters from sympathizers); newspaper offices were bombarded with correspondence. Last January the come-back was very much less in quantity, calmer in quality. This might, of course, be due to indifference—to me, or the Monarchy, or both—but I do not believe

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

that that is the whole explanation. Apathy is a dangerous factor to be reckoned with, and I will refer to it again later in this article; but even apathy is preferable to hysteria, and there seem to be fewer people now who are prepared to go berserk when the Queen is criticized. Perhaps the idea is beginning to sink in that in a free society the most exalted and highly paid public official must not be immune from criticism simply because she is under no obligation to defend herself. She can always rely on others to defend her, and Ministers of the Crown, who are obliged to answer for their own action or inaction, must at times envy the Royal prerogative of silence.

So far as I know, only two newspapers made any attempt to test public opinion by the question-and-answer method. In Australia the *Adelaide News* found that most of the people it interviewed were inclined to think that England should remain the Queen's "traditional home". But among the eight individual opinions which it quoted five were favourable to the idea that she should reside more in other parts of the Commonwealth. Thus Mr. John McLaren said:—"Good idea. She should spend a short while living in Commonwealth countries. We don't see nearly enough of her and she should get to know her subjects better". And Mr. C. H. Kuhlmann said:—"Let the Queen live in Australia and Canada for a while with her family. We want to see much more of our Queen". The opposite view was expressed in terms which are so patently absurd and out-of-date that they require no comment. Mr. Ray Beer, for instance, said:—"She should stay home, where she belongs. Her forebears lived in England and she should continue to live there. After all she is the Queen of England". And Mr. J. Squires remarked:—"Let her stay in England. Most of her friends and relations are there — let her

enjoy her own home". The *News* itself gave strong editorial support to my suggestions. In a leader on January 15th headed "Queen of the Commonwealth" it stated:—

Many thoughtful men and women throughout the Commonwealth who have not necessarily applauded all Lord Altrincham's views in the past will welcome his straight advocacy that the Queen should become Queen of the Commonwealth rather than Queen of England. . . .

There is a strong case for the Royal Family LIVING not TOURING in other Commonwealth lands several months a year . . .

To preserve the Monarchy it may be desirable to lift it more and more from its traditional settings. With acceptance of the new concept, other Commonwealth citizens should share the cost of the Royal Household, now wholly the affair of the British taxpayer.

What Asian and African members of the Commonwealth will seek from the Royal Family could be seen after experiments of residence in Canada and Australia.

But the world of Prince Charles's manhood will vary so violently from yesterday's and even today's that thinking on these lines is not beginning a moment too soon.

From a different part of Australia the following comment reached me from a well-placed observer:

" . . . I really believe more and more people are agreeing with what you say and write. To be quite candid, a number of people still think you are going a bit too far, but of course you must, if you wish to drag other people part of the way with you. More and more serious Australians and the great mass of people—the so-called 'man in the street'—are coming to think a little your way".

The other direct test of popular opinion was conducted by an English newspaper—the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*. Here are the questions and percentage replies tabulated:

1. Do you agree that the Queen should live in some of the Commonwealth countries instead of being permanently resident in the U.K.?

YES	NO	DON'T KNOW
45	40	15

2. Would such a practice interfere unduly with her family life?

YES	NO	DON'T KNOW
25	55	20

3. Would you agree that the Queen undertakes too many "footling" engagements?

YES	NO	DON'T KNOW
52	30	18

### NEXT MONTH

#### A FRANK APPRAISAL OF FARM SUBSIDIES

By Richard Bailey

\* \* \*

Dossier No. 12: Aneurin Bevan

## MONARCHY AND COMMONWEALTH

These figures are surely rather significant—even if we allow for a considerable margin of error. The proposal that the Queen should reside elsewhere might have been expected to meet with heavy opposition in the U.K.; yet it appears to commend itself to a majority in Manchester. The excuse that the Queen's family life would suffer is rejected by more than two to one, and the argument that many of her present activities are footling is very clearly endorsed. It would have been interesting to see the results of a nation-wide poll on the same three questions. In 1957 the *Daily Mail* published a survey of public opinion, from which it emerged that my criticisms were generally supported by the age-group to which the Queen (and myself) belong, and more especially that the composition of the Court was regarded as archaic by a substantial majority in all age-groups. Little has happened since to remove the public dissatisfaction which was then recorded.

Editorial comment in the U.K. was, as before, sharply contrasted. Of twenty-three leading articles so far examined, sixteen are unfriendly in tone. But one very important paper which attacked me in 1957 extended the hand of friendship: on January 18th the *Observer* commented:—

"Lord Altrincham said some sensible things last week about the Queen and the Commonwealth; he said some of them in a provocative way . . . no doubt thinking, like Bernard Shaw, that this is the best way to get a message across . . .

There are, of course, difficulties in [his] idea . . . But the idea of the Court reflecting the actual composition of the Commonwealth a bit better is sound enough: and so is that of some tactfully organized residence outside these islands . . ."

The *Manchester Guardian*, reporting my speech, had said:—

"Bernard Shaw, one felt, might have been delighted with the whole affair, and it is perhaps fair to ask if Lord Altrincham is deliberately adopting shock tactics to force people to rethink their views on such accepted conventions as Crown and Commonwealth".

And in a leader the *Guardian* supported the idea that Mahatma Gandhi was most fit to be regarded as patron saint of the Commonwealth.

What of reactions in Asia? The *Eastern Economist* printed two articles on the subject, in the second of which it drew attention to the fact that Commonwealth re-

actions had not been mentioned in the British Press. The general effect of these two articles was favourable. Another Indian paper, the *Tribune*, devoted a leader to the subject, and later published an interview with me in which I was questioned about the new role of the Commonwealth. From Ceylon I received the following experienced opinion:—

"From personal knowledge . . . I could see that the views you expressed did evoke considerable interest and support. There has long been a feeling in this part of the world that the Monarchy should be tuned to the changed conditions of the present if it is to survive as a living institution. In fact, its failure to have changed adequately with changing times has been primarily responsible for the Asian countries of the Commonwealth choosing to become republics. The Monarchy has become so divorced from the everyday life of the people in Asian countries that it has been felt that the Monarchy as such has no meaning in an Asian country."

It is to be hoped that the function of the Head of the Commonwealth will soon arouse as much editorial interest in Asia as in the U.K. and other British nations of the Commonwealth. But this will never happen so long as the present routine and entourage are preserved.

★ ★ ★

The issue, as I see it, is simply this:— Is the Queen to concentrate upon making a success of her job as Head of the Commonwealth, or is the Monarchy to remain a basically "U and U.K." institution? Neither the class barrier nor the national barrier has yet been broken. Some gestures have been made, but they are nothing like enough. A revolution is needed, and it must come quickly, or it will be too late.

There are, of course, many who do not believe in the Commonwealth. Some are old-fashioned Imperialists who resent and repudiate the idea of a genuine inter-racial community. Others are merely liberal sceptics, who cannot see beyond the immediate dim, confused and somewhat unedifying scene. Thus the *Economist* published a satirical piece, which read like a bad schoolboy parody of Stephen Potter: its only point was to dismiss the Commonwealth, and those who care about it, with supercilious flippancy. The *Daily Mail*, in a leader which admirably expressed the die-hard view — combining pre-Statute of Westminster constitutional theory with

Diamond Jubilee emotionalism—argued as follows:—

"A great, sprawling entity like the Commonwealth needs some central magnetic pull to keep it together. This is a fundamental law of the Universe. Without gravitation the solar system would disintegrate. The same would happen to the British system . . . Britain is the heart of a financial, defensive and economic network which reaches to every corner of the Commonwealth . . . How could it be possible to run it all from a moving Throne."

Even our absolute monarchs were mobile, so it is hard to see why a constitutional sovereign should be static. Besides, the *Daily Mail* leader-writer, whoever he may be, must realize that the Commonwealth is not a "British system". It is almost incredible that this particular sort of nonsense should still appear outside the columns of the Beaverbrook Press.

But misunderstanding of the Commonwealth may perhaps more easily be removed than a cynical attitude towards the Monarchy which is growing fast. Foolish attempts to whitewash the present Royal set-up have done much to promote this feeling, but it is none the less damnable. I find myself fighting a war on two fronts—against those who believe in the wrong sort of Monarchy, and those who do not really believe in the Monarchy at all. The latter are the more dangerous enemies. "Cassandra", for instance, has taken me to task in the *Daily Mirror*:—

"The trouble with Lord Altrincham is that he takes the Monarchy so desperately seriously.

In the course of his more than candid address to Commonwealth journalists on the subject of the functions of Royalty, he was put out only once when one of his listeners mildly suggested that he was somewhat less than enthusiastic in his loyalty to the Crown.

At once he was on his feet, retorting with a blush of anger: 'I am a fervent believer, in the Monarchy.'

Which he is.

Too fervent.

He is part of the feverish school who are translating the Monarchy into a new religion—a school backed by the Press, by the radio, and by the sharp eye of television.

The whole business is wildly out of proportion . . .

The 'mystic circle of the Crown' has too much cheap gilt on it".

"Cassandra" is a courageous journalist, who

never makes any secret of his opinions. But there are plenty who think like him without venturing to commit themselves in public, or even to their friends. I am personally acquainted with many ostensible champions of the Monarchy who would not lift a finger to protect it if it were seriously threatened, and who are privately expecting it to die a natural death before very long. They have neither the inclination nor the imagination to conceive how it may be given the means to survive, but they are well content to pay lip-service to it so long as it is there. The Queen has very much less to fear from her loyal critics than from many of her seemingly loyal friends.

\* \* \*

Finally, I must reassert the argument that she should, as Head of the Commonwealth, be the captain of her own soul and not necessarily defer to the cautious or self-interested advice of national Prime Ministers. My belief is that she should act as the spokesman, no less than the symbol, of Commonwealth principles and aspirations. Prince Philip gave a good practical illustration of what I have in mind in the impromptu speech which he made in Old Delhi on January 27th. He is reported to have said:— "It is not the form, but the substance, of the Commonwealth which matters. We must work for peace and believe in government by consent." The last phrase might not commend itself to the Government of South Africa, or to certain other Governments in the Commonwealth, but Prince Philip was quite right to use it. The *Daily Herald* denounced me for giving the worst advice "since the fate of Charles I", and it urged me not to be "antique". But I would reply that the *Herald* itself is antique in resurrecting the ghost of Stuart despotism. Nobody imagines that the Monarchy would ever again concern itself in the detailed business of government or would ever again make a bid for personal executive power. But why should it not seek to exert the power of example and moral leadership in the entirely different circumstances of today? In the 17th century the ideas of Monarchy and Commonwealth were irreconcilable: in the 20th they have been brought together in a single institution. But many, including some who think that their outlook is modern, have yet to traverse the gap of centuries.

ALTRINCHAM.

## Dossier No. 11

# LORD MOUNTBATTEN

**B**OWLER hat set solidly City-fashion on the greying head, sombre worsted buttoned round the thickened torso, the 58-year-old man boarding the long, black limousine outside the Ministry of Defence looks more the successful merchant banker than the debonair Ian Hay-style Flag Lieutenant of his legend.

This is Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma at the peak of his dazzling career. As the new Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee he will not only occupy the most senior post open to any professional fighting man; he will probably outlast his political master, Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence, in the inner councils at Downing Street.

It is possible to argue the rights and wrongs, the pros and cons of Lord Mountbatten's appointment and, indeed, of the personality and make-up of the man himself, from a dozen opposing points of view—and there will be much truth in each. Mountbatten's is a puzzling personality. Unlike most of his eminent contemporaries his development follows no pattern, is not all-of-a-piece. Though he is a product of the Edwardian Age, all the influences that have acted directly upon him are those of the 20th century, as fresh as the day's news.

Had Mountbatten been born in the 17th century, and occupied a similarly high social position in England, he might have found it difficult to choose between the King and Parliament. Instinctively his loyalties would have been those of Prince Rupert. Subconsciously he might even have believed in the Divine Right of Kings. Yet it is probable that he would have followed Parliament. He would have chosen this course for three reasons. First, his realism—Parliamentary government would, in the long run, be a more effective form of government for the country. Secondly, his nagging social conscience. Thirdly, his ambition.

In fact, while Lord Mountbatten has never had to face a choice of such dramatic magnitude, his path through life has been constantly marked by forks and cross-roads.

Each time the choice of way has been difficult and it has been his alone.

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Prince Louis of Battenberg was born at Frogmore House, Windsor, in 1900 to Princess Victoria (daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's daughter) and Louis Alexander, Prince of Battenberg, First Marquess of Milford Haven. Prince Louis followed his father into the Royal Navy. It offered a good career. There might no longer be the promise of prize-money, but the Navy still offered much to an active, ambitious, and socially well-connected young officer. After Flag rank had been reached, retirement from active service could often lead to colonial governorships, seats on boards of directors and other positions of pomp and power.

To these was added another and far more potent spur. When war broke out in 1914 his father was First Sea Lord but after agitation against "the German running the Navy" he was forced to resign in October of that year. His son, then a naval cadet, promised himself that he would one day "avenge" his father. This aim, which amounted almost to an obsession, gave him a main line of advance and a target of which he never lost sight—the office of the First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff.

At Dartmouth, Mountbatten—the family adopted this Anglicized name in 1917—proved himself to be intelligent, athletic and prone to sudden enthusiasms which he would only drop after they offered no further challenge. He even dabbled in amateur journalism and, while serving as a midshipman in the battleship *Queen Elizabeth*, edited the ship's magazine. He narrowly missed Jutland but saw the last spectacular displays of the battleship era during North Sea sweeps by the Grand Fleet.

Mountbatten rose through the ranks of the Navy despite, rather than because of, his royal connections. The two world cruises of the Prince of Wales in 1920 and

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW



MOUNTBATTEN AS A MIDSHIPMAN, 1917.

1921, on which Mountbatten accompanied his cousin in the battlecruiser *Renown*, served only to interrupt his development as a highly competent naval officer. After a spell at the Portsmouth Signal School in 1924 he specialized in wireless and signals and his inventive mind contributed in many practical ways to the development of naval communications.

In 1922 he married the beautiful Edwina Ashley, grand-daughter and heiress of Sir Ernest Cassel, plutocrat and friend of King Edward VII. Her energy and ambition matched his own and the young couple, handsome, rich and popular, were among the brightest young things of the 'twenties. Yet Mountbatten never allowed his many social commitments to distract him from his profession and in this work he showed extraordinary powers of application. While serving as Fleet Wireless Officer in the Mediterranean he would appear briefly at his wife's cocktail parties explaining that he had to give up much of his evenings to French and German lessons. He qualified as interpreter in both languages and once, while staying in Paris, produced an Anglo-French signal book.

A minor incident of those days is still talked about in the Navy. After an exercise Mountbatten called a signals conference

in Valletta. For the purpose he took over the opera house. From the stage, amid the plush and gilded gingerbread, he said that he was dissatisfied with the Fleet's signals procedure. He had, he said, been listening to his wireless while having a bath at his villa. (This caused a minor sensation as few people had private wireless sets in their drawing rooms, let alone their bathrooms.) He had picked up the signals from a certain cruiser. They had been unsatisfactory. The Morse had sounded as if Petty Officer Jones had been at the key. Was this true? It was. Mountbatten, luxuriating in his bath, had been able to identify one signals rating out of the scores in the Mediterranean Fleet by the manner in which he tapped a Morse key.

Typical of Mountbatten's method of attacking an obstacle was his difficulty in learning to ride. He tried and failed to become a good horseman. Therefore the angle of attack was slightly changed. He took up polo and became a skilled striker which, despite his uninspired riding, made him welcome at any match. He also designed a new and more efficient polo stick.

In 1939, while still a captain, Mountbatten was appointed to his only wartime sea-going command (if we except a short spell later as captain of an aircraft carrier). He became Captain (D) of a new destroyer flotilla and the popular legend of "Mountbatten of the *Kelly*" was born and was to be fixed in war mythology by his friend Noël Coward in the film *In Which We Serve*.

But while Mountbatten, his smile flashing, his hands thrust into his reefer pockets, his cap at a Beatty angle, became a national hero, his exploits, daring and dashing as they were, did not add comparable glory to his professional reputation. His destroyers were always being heavily damaged—sometimes sunk—in action and it was common talk in the wardrooms of the Fleet that the commander of so valuable a destroyer flotilla might be a little more careful with his ships, however much he might thirst for close action.

After Mountbatten's flotilla-leader, the *Kelly*, was sunk under him off Crete he was never again in direct command of a naval force in war. But greater, if less salty, glories lay ahead.

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## LORD MOUNTBATTEN

Churchill liked Mountbatten. They shared a sense of history; both had sudden enthusiasms; they both were prone to little vanities. Mountbatten was appointed Commodore, Combined Operations, in 1941. This job was to grow, until, in 1943, as Chief of Combined Operations, he was a member of the Chiefs of Staff Committee and by far the youngest man to be known nationally as a "war leader".

During these years Mountbatten's operational responsibilities were limited to the mounting of small raids on *Festung Europa*, anything in the nature of "a landing" being the responsibility of the Force Commander and the High Command. But indirectly he bore much responsibility for these. It was his task to evolve the technique of combined operations whether on the scale of a Bruneval raid or of a D-Day assault. It was his task to train the various types of amphibious unit, the beach parties and the landing craft commanders. Finally, in the planning of major amphibious operations, his was the most expert voice to be heard by the Chiefs of Staff Committee and the Cabinet. Therefore some of the blame for the Dieppe debacle must be his.

Looking back it is difficult to imagine a more clumsy military operation than the Dieppe raid. Security was ridiculously inadequate. Intelligence was faulty. Naval support was feeble. The tactical plan was impracticable. The choice of troops was wrong: the Canadians were wholly inexperienced troops and while they fought well when the battle went—briefly—according to plan, they soon became hopelessly disorganized. The Beaverbrook Press lays the blame for the ensuing massacre squarely on Mountbatten. In fact the blame must be shared—but he must share it.

The failure at Dieppe was, however, far outbalanced by the success of Combined Operations in which Mountbatten gave his inventive imagination full rein. His most extraordinary project was the iceberg-aircraft-carrier which, though never actually constructed, reached an advanced stage in design and experiment.

The appointment of Mountbatten to the Supreme Command in South-East Asia accentuated his characteristics. As a volatile and warm-hearted leader of men he became popular among the lower ranks, who knew him as "Looie". As "Dicky", he was less popular among the higher ranks. The famous "Mountbatten charm" was a

formidable weapon, but some—including the irascible American General Stilwell—felt that it was too transparently artificial.

Mountbatten's two years as Supreme Commander were to him disappointing. His theatre of war was vast, his forces scattered. Beyond the 14th Army, which General Slim was pushing slowly into Burma, he had no powerful striking force. Not for him the dramatic island assaults with which the Americans swept across the Pacific. When he was finally ready to mount a great amphibious attack on Malaya it was forestalled by the dropping of the atomic bomb. For his services as a higher commander he was rewarded, like Nelson, with a viscountcy and, unlike Nelson, with the Garter. But when peace came he also lost his exalted rank in Navy, Army and Air Force, and reverted to the rank of Rear-Admiral in his own Service.

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On February 20th, 1947, Mr. Attlee made the momentous announcement that His Majesty's Government would hand over power in India by June, 1948, and that Mountbatten would succeed Wavell as Viceroy for the transitional period. Attlee is right to claim that the choice of Mountbatten was an "inspiration", and inasmuch as he took responsibility for it he deserves most of the credit. But it is not quite clear that the inspiration was his and his alone. According to one account the idea was first put forward by Nehru in a letter to Cripps.

Be that as it may, the Mountbattens arrived in New Delhi on March 22nd, 1947. The part played by Lady Mountbatten during the hectic months that followed must never be underrated. It was, of course, secondary to that of her husband, but without her he might not have achieved what he did. In the twilight of the *Raj* the figure of the *memsahib* had loomed all too large: British wives in India had done much, by their snobbishness-cum-racialism, to poison Indo-British relations. Lady Mountbatten, with her Jewish blood, was well-qualified to sympathize with the cultured and sensitive Indian who was treated as an inferior by the "Mrs. Hauksbees" of this world. Nor was India an entirely closed book to her: for many years she had known and admired Sarojini Naidu, the poetess and politician. With her experience as Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade she was also fitted to deal with refugee problems and to succour the victims of



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THE MOUNTBATTENS WITH MAHATMA GANDHI, NEW DELHI, 1947.

violence. Her capabilities in this respect were soon to be given wide scope.

At his swearing-in ceremony Mountbatten said: "... every one of us must do what he can to avoid any word or action which might lead to further bitterness or add to the toll of innocent victims." Already the toll was high, especially in the Punjab and in south-east Bengal. India was on the brink of civil war. Failure to grant self-government between the first and second World Wars had led to the aggravation of communal feeling. When people are kept in a state of subjection they are more likely to quarrel than if they are given the task of working together in freedom. Thus Britain's repressive policy in Ireland was more to blame than the internal religious feud for the eventual partition of that country. In India a similar policy produced a similar result—though on a much vaster scale. What Carson was to Ulster, Jinnah was to Pakistan. Did Mountbatten, therefore, inherit a hopeless task? Did he, or did he not, make the best of an admittedly bad job? Was it too late, by 1947, to combine unity with independence?

That Mountbatten was biased in favour of the Congress is undeniable. From the first he got on badly with Jinnah. On one occasion the Viceroy is reputed to have said: "Sometimes, Mr. Jinnah, I wish I had you on my quarter-deck". To which Jinnah replied: "I regret, Your Excellency, that I had not the advantage of Your Excellency's naval education". The Congress leaders hated Jinnah because they felt, with some justice, that he was a "phoney". So far as they could see he had left the Congress for political rather than religious reasons, and then proceeded to annihilate their dream of a secular independence movement. Gandhi, however, never ceased to treat the Qaid-i-Azam with his usual saintly patience, addressing him as "Dear Brother Jinnah". And his advice to Mountbatten was to invite Jinnah to form a Cabinet, in place of the Interim Government in which Congress and Muslim League representatives sat together in fruitless hostility. What would have happened if Mountbatten had taken the Mahatma's advice? Would Jinnah have agreed to the suggestion, and, if so, would Nehru and Patel, who were in charge of the

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## LORD MOUNTBATTEN

Congress machine, have stood by and watched the experiment in a Gandhian spirit? We cannot know, but it is at least fair to speculate that the disasters which might have attended such an experiment would have been no worse than the disasters which in fact occurred. Had Mountbatten made a supreme effort to gratify Jinnah's ambition and conquer his distrust, and had he at the same time relied upon Gandhi to keep the Congress in check, it is just possible that partition might have been avoided. Gandhi's death might then have been the signal for unity as well as peace in the sub-continent.

Frank Moraes has described the scene at Birla House when Mountbatten rushed there, after hearing of Gandhi's assassination:

Mountbatten knew of the rift between Nehru and Patel and, seeing both of them together in the room, he acted with his instinctive sense of drama and timing.

"At my last interview with Gandhiji", he said looking at both of them, "he told me that his dearest wish was to bring about a full reconciliation between the two of you".

Nehru and Patel looked at each other, and then at Gandhi lying on the floor wrapped in his shroud of white homespun. They moved towards each other and embraced in a gesture of reconciliation. If only the same scene could have been enacted with Nehru and Jinnah as the central characters! Then indeed would Gandhi's martyrdom have set the seal upon his life's work.

Mountbatten has been much criticized for his cavalier treatment of the Indian Princes, and he certainly attached more importance to preserving India from Balkanization than to any strict interpretation of Britain's treaty obligations. But in this his decision, though hard, as revolutionary decisions invariably are, will probably be upheld by history. The Princes were for the most part feudal potentates of an unenlightened kind, and they were well compensated, financially, for their loss of power. Tears may be shed for the 16½ million people who became refugees as a result of partition, and for the hundreds of thousands who perished in communal riots, but there is no need to waste much sympathy on the Princes. At a Press Conference on June 4th, 1947, Mountbatten was asked a very tricky question: "... is it open to any of the Indian States ... if they wish to remain units of the British Commonwealth?" His answer was singularly abrupt and arbitrary—but he got away with it. "The answer is that they cannot, as



Keystone  
MOUNTBATTEN SHAKES HANDS WITH MR. WINTHROP ALDRICH, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, AT A PILGRIM'S DINNER.

Dominions. If you ask me whether they can have any relations with the Commonwealth apart from that, that is a hypothetical question, which has not yet arisen". It never did arise.

It is still difficult to take a balanced view of Mountbatten's work as Viceroy, and it will be the subject of many conflicting appraisals as time goes on. But his most embittered detractor could hardly fail to praise him for the self-possession and sense of urgency which he showed in a situation of extreme danger and complexity. Not content with the British Government's decision to evacuate India by a definite date, he went further and advanced the date by nearly a year. In other words, he took the initiative and kept it throughout his term of office. His pro-Congress bias, though it may have had some very unfortunate effects, enabled him to win and hold the confidence of men who were to establish the largest of Commonwealth nations and the most apparently stable democracy in Asia. In the long run the human link between the Mountbattens and the Nehrus may be seen as a major event in world history. It has helped to preserve and strengthen a deeper but more intangible link which connects the British and Indian peoples. But for the influence of personality, on both sides, the common good might have suffered irreparably.

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

When the debates on Indian Independence were over, and the deed was done, Winston Churchill—in one of those spasms of generosity of which he has always been capable—rose in the House of Commons to express his satisfaction at India's continued membership of the Commonwealth, which reflected great credit on the Viceroy and on the Prime Minister who had appointed him. If Churchill could bring himself to say this, others should be prepared to give an equally charitable verdict.

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And so, in 1948, Mountbatten returned to the Navy. The man who had commanded vast fleets and armies was again a Rear-Admiral. His command: a cruiser squadron in the Mediterranean. Two years later he returned to London to become Fourth Sea Lord in charge of naval supply and maintenance. Finally, in 1952 he returned to the Mediterranean as Commander-in-Chief, an appointment which he was to combine with that of N.A.T.O. C.-in-C. of sea and air forces defending the Mediterranean sea routes.

Inevitably, he made enemies as well as friends. The lower deck adored him, but he was not so popular in the wardrooms. He demanded a high standard of efficiency and was ruthless with those who fell below it. It was said that he surrounded himself with favourites, but this he did to no greater extent than most of his contemporaries.

Mountbatten often disagreed with the Americans over strategy. He saw the Mediterranean primarily as a vital sea route to the Middle East oil and the Suez Canal. The Americans tended to see it as a convenient stretch of water on the right flank of the Iron Curtain, on which aircraft carriers could cruise in support of the armies ashore. The compromise solution was—and still is—the unsatisfactory one that there be two separate naval commands: the American striking fleet supporting the Southern Europe Command, and the sea defence forces commanded from Malta.

Mountbatten was now near to fulfilling his great ambition of following his father in the office of First Sea Lord. But while he seemed the obvious man for the job it was by no means certain that he would get it. Already he had shown himself to have Left-wing sympathies and there was strong pressure from Right-wing Tory groups

backed by the Beaverbrook Press, which was pursuing a private feud with public venom, to keep him out of the Board Room. His enemies in the Navy—and there were many—hoped that his promotion might be foisted by that of Sir Michael Denny, the popular and able Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. But Mountbatten was so obviously the right man for the job that in April, 1955, he sat at his father's old desk at the Admiralty and he hung a portrait of his father on the wall behind his chair.

With his arrival a wave of confidence and hope swept through the Navy. In many private addresses to naval officers the new First Sea Lord outlined his plans for a new, streamlined Fleet: aircraft-carrier battle groups would provide the main offensive force until guided weapon ships could be built. The ultimate weapon would be the nuclear-powered rocket-firing submarine.

But for all his vigour and imagination, and for all his eager planning, Mountbatten found that he had no choice but to preside over a run-down of the Navy, broken only by the preparations for the Suez operation—a venture of which he is said to have strongly disapproved. At the Ministry of Defence he fought the Navy's case. Deprived of offensive power, and relegated to the defence of shipping against submarine and mine, the shrunken Navy, he knew, would suffer a blow to its morale and competence from which it might never recover. For this reason he has virtually forced the Government to proceed with the construction of the nuclear-submarine *Dreadnought*, although she will herself have little effect upon the world balance of power and he has been unable to persuade Mr. Sandys to adopt the submarine-borne Polaris missile as the future Great Deterrent.

As First Sea Lord Mountbatten's greatest fault has been in taking too much upon himself. He has always had an enormous capacity for work—he carries a black eye-bandage to wear for Napoleonic cat-naps during intervals between conferences and on flights—and when his own work was done he liked to do the work of other Sea Lords. Sometimes he has given orders without the approval or knowledge of the Board, when its approval has been necessary.

When, as First Sea Lord, he first attended Mr. Sandys's conferences he found the Minister of Defence largely won over to the apostles of air power—of the manned

## LORD MOUNTBATTEN

V-bomber and the land-based rocket. Yet he achieved, by patient argument, a remarkable success in stemming the advance of the air-marshals. Both the C.I.G.S., Sir Gerald Templer, and the Chief of the Air Staff, Sir Dermot Boyle, tended to become heated in argument. Mountbatten was always relaxed, friendly and persuasive. That the Navy has not now been reduced to a few anti-submarine aircraft-carriers, a few squadrons of frigates and a few squadrons of minesweepers, is due largely to his quiet, carefully-reasoned arguments in a room overlooking St. James's Park.

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Mountbatten has had—and still has—his favourites and a few might, without his patronage, have been less successful. He has his little vanities: he can be intolerant and at times unnecessarily high-handed. But now his ambition is satisfied. He has steered a careful course, becoming associated with radical politics yet remaining a powerful influence—though not perhaps as powerful as he could wish—with the Royal Family. (His personality is reflected in that of his nephew, Prince Philip, whose upbringing he largely supervised.) While remaining a rich

aristocrat he has kept close to the practical essentials of his profession. While sticking to his strategic principles he has taken trouble with details that might, at the time, have seemed insignificant.

As Defence "Supremo" Mountbatten will be doing his last stint—or so he claims. The private spur—the desire to vindicate his father—is no longer there. But it is hard to believe that this brilliant, uniquely experienced, and still very energetic man will, in his early sixties, retire altogether from the sphere of active life. Were it possible for him to enter politics he would make an outstanding Foreign Secretary, but a man so close to the Throne may well feel that he is debarred from party politics. There are, however, many other openings. Perhaps the one which most commends itself to the imagination is the Washington Embassy. The Americans love a British representative who is colourful, articulate and traditional. Mountbatten would, like that other ex-Viceroy, Halifax, prove highly acceptable on the other side of the Atlantic. He might have to be pressed to take the job—but in the end he would agree to go. No Government in its right senses will allow his talents to be wasted.

## CHILDREN OF DARKNESS?

By BANKOLE TIMOTHY

EUROPEAN missionaries with faces as solemn as a mask propounded hell-fire theology to the "heathens" in India and Africa, who, at the sound of this fearful message, unfolded their hearts like flowers. Their gullibility as hearers of the Word was amazing! Happily, there were a few "doubting Thomases" among those who listened. To this group belonged an Indian with an inquiring mind, who spent one Sunday afternoon listening attentively to a European missionary waxing warm on the theme of hell being a place of torment and the abode of the wicked after death. But the good, the missionary continued, went to Heaven—a place of happiness and a land flowing with milk and honey. At the end of his address, the Indian asked the missionary: "How wonderful must be this place, Heaven, which you have been telling us about! But there is one thing more I would like to know about it; who are the masters there?" Before the puzzled missionary could answer, the Indian

asked further: "Could it be the English?" "Oh no," replied the missionary, "you don't understand". Rather crestfallen the Indian retorted: "If the English are not in charge then Heaven cannot be such a good place as you described." "Why not?" asked the missionary. "Sir," replied the Indian, "if it were a good place the English would have colonized it long ago."

This story illustrates the attitude of a large number of Africans towards Christianity. To them, Christianity and colonialism are inseparable; consequently, they regard Christianity as a white man's religion. Bewildered by the atrocities of the slave trade, the iniquities of racialism, the degradations of imperialism and the other obnoxious "isms," African nationalists argue thus: "We know there is a God but it looks as if He only cares for the white people. Otherwise how is it that Africans are always the sufferers, the hewers of wood and drawers of water while the white people have all the good things of the

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW



Camera Press

EUROPEAN DECENCY AND AFRICAN INNOCENCE.

earth and are always lording it over us? Is it possible that this God, this white man's God does care for the African?" When one reads unfortunate pronouncements such as this from Emil Ludwig, and I quote: "It is unthinkable that the unlettered, illiterate African can have any idea whatsoever of the nature of God; God only reveals Himself to the intellectuals of the West", then one begins to appreciate more fully the thoughts which impelled an African intellectual like the late Dr. R. E. G. Armattoe of Ghana to burst into poetry—

... Ask de white Lord Jesus,  
Why he made de black man so . . .

Indeed, how easily do Emil Ludwig and those who think like him forget the passage in the Bible which states that God has hidden these things from the wise and prudent (the intellectuals of the West) and has revealed them to babes (the untutored Africans).

First, it is necessary to explode the myth that the African is incapable of having, or does not have, a conception of God. In Sierra Leone the Mendes believe in a creator God whom they call *Ngewo*. They believe that He existed from the beginning and that He is omnipotent though not immanent. In the same country, the Kono tribe's conception of God is of One who is "omnipresent and eternal". In Ghana, the Ashantis talk of

*Nyame*, meaning God of the earth and sky while the Gas of Accra and its environs believe in *Nyonmo*, the God of rain. And because rain is important in their country, *Nyonmo* is regarded as supreme over the other gods. If we move across to Nigeria, we find that the Yorubas believe in a creator of all things and that He is almighty, all-knowing, the giver of life and breath. They call Him *Olurun*. In the Congo, the Ngombe tribe believe in a Supreme Spirit whom they hold to be the Creator of the Universe, Maker of men and that He is Almighty and cannot be explained. They call that spirit, *Akongo*. Over to Uganda where we find that the Baganda people believe in a Creator and Protector. He is God and they call Him *Katonda*. In Kenya, the Kikuyu tribe talk of *Murungu*, meaning a Supreme God who is invisible and the Creator of all living things. What of the Zulus? Their conception of God is that of the Lord of the Heaven and they call Him *Unkulunkulu*.

Ignorant of these facts, Africans have been labelled as children of darkness; the people behind God's back; pagans and heathens, by European missionaries who have gone out to spread the Gospel with the inordinate pride of the Pharisee rather than the humility of the Publican and, with the Gospel, they imposed their civilization. Is this Christendom or Europeandom? It is this attitude which has led to hymns like—"O'er heathen lands afar, thick darkness broodeth yet," sung lustily by unthinking Africans. Or there's another, like: "Oh faith of England taught of old." When did Christianity become the property of England? And the African suffering under the cruelty of colonialism and slavery is asked by European missionaries to sing a hymn like this:

The rich man in his castle  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.

Is that so? In fairness, the African too, has had the pleasure of seeing the boot on the other foot. I vividly recall the sight of a European manager of a gold mine in Africa fervently singing in a Church a hymn with these stanzas:

Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold.

What a big surprise he would have had if God had taken him at his word!

It is sheer, unmitigated nonsense and a travesty of Christianity to maintain for example, that the exploitation of the African for European gain was God's will for the

## CHILDREN OF DARKNESS?

African. There are of course, some Europeans (including priests, I regret to say) who hold tenaciously to such heresy. But such an arrogant attitude can only be described as a disgraceful demonstration of their invincible ignorance of the nature of God. Are there not in the Bible many condemnations of oppression and injustice—unquestionable proof that God disapproves of man's inhumanity to man?

The avidity with which European missionaries accuse Africans of superstition and of "bowing to wood and stone", has never ceased to amuse me. Yet I have seen European priests in Roman Catholic and Anglican High Churches genuflecting or doing the High Church crouch while they press their heads on the wooden altar; I have seen them turn towards the stained glass window in the east, when reciting or singing the Apostles Creed, and what of kissing the Bishop's ring? Are these not superstitious practices? Not to mention the superstitious mumbo-jumbo of newspaper astrology which has such a firm hold on many Christians in Britain.

That Christianity has been prostituted by the West is a fact few would deny. There is no divine sanction or theological proof whatsoever which supports the identification of the capitalistic economic system of the West with Christianity. The system of Western political democracy also holds no case for an identification with Christianity; what is consequently needed in Africa today is an indigenization of the Christian Church and the need is both urgent and compelling if Christianity should have a meaning and a relevance for the African in this nuclear age. The fact that African indigenous institutions are different from those of the West does not mean that they are un-Christian. It is unfortunate that European missionaries to Africa and other parts did not only take the Bible and message with them but also the ritual and their denominational divisions and ecclesiastical habit, in spite of the contrast in climate and the strong communal bonds of African society. African theologians should expunge the Western cultural accretions from Christianity.

Let's face facts. Is it right that we Africans should join Europeans in saying "Our Father" when in South Africa there are notices like *Slegs vir Blanke* (Europeans only); in America Negro teenagers are locked up for kissing white girls? These sad events coupled with the irritations of colonialism led to nationalist feelings which impelled Marcus Garvey to establish the African Orthodox

Church in America. In Ghana, until August 1957, there was the Coloured Methodist Episcopal Church founded by that great African preacher, the late Rev. Dr. Ralph Shoneyeh Wright. There are other separatist Churches including the National Church of Nigeria and the Cameroons. The prayers at this Church are addressed to the God of Africa, its hymns to freedom and its litany beseeching deliverance from imperialism. In South Africa there are many such separatist Churches. And yet the wolf and the lamb are being asked to dwell together before the lion has learnt to eat straw like the ox and before the sons of Ham and Japheth can sit together on equal terms at the same table.

In Africa we were told by European missionaries that tribal wars were un-Christian, though it has become common practice for Europeans to stage global wars every twenty-five years or so. And what is worse is the sight of European priests praying and blessing troops going to kill other human beings, though the Bible clearly states—"Thou shalt not kill."

In 1455 the then Pope divided the world between Spain and Portugal, when he decreed that those two nations had the right as well as the duty of making slaves of all infidels. By accident of history or otherwise, the infidels at that time (from a white Christian point of view) were to be found in Africa and Asia and the Pacific islands and they were all coloured peoples. But this historic and un-Christian condemnation of the coloured section of humanity by the Roman Catholic Church should not lead Africans to retaliate, compelling though the temptation may be. Nor should the unforgettable memory of the late Pope Pius XI blessing Italian armies going to shoot down innocent Abyssinians awaken hatred. The *amour propre* required for bringing a new order of Christianity into this topsy-turvy world is void of revenge, hatred, force and degradation of the human personality.

To sum up, it is wrong to suggest that the African has no religion and no conception of God. It is equally dangerous to look upon Christianity as a religion for white people only. The first plea then is one for more intelligent understanding and avoidance of hasty condemnation of things African, and the practice of Christianity which entails total extermination of racial discrimination, colonialism and exploitation.

"And I," said Jesus, "if I be lifted up will draw all men unto myself." One Shepherd and *one* fold. BANKOLE TIMOTHY

# ANNIVERSARY OF A MILESTONE

By DENYS SMITH

THE tenth anniversary of one of history's great landmarks will be celebrated on April 4th. On that date the foreign ministers of twelve nations assembled in the auditorium of a Washington museum and signed the North Atlantic Treaty.

If there were any rumblings from across the Potomac on that day it must have been George Washington turning in his Mount Vernon tomb. The central admonition of his farewell address, still read religiously in Congress each year on the anniversary of his birth, was being violated. "Steer clear of permanent alliance with any portion of the foreign world," said Washington. Be on guard "against the insidious wiles of foreign influence." Yet now the United States was entering into a permanent alliance with a group of European nations, nations which Washington had noted were engaged in constant disputes "the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns." That fainter rumble probably came from Monroe's grave in Richmond. His doctrine that Europe must keep out of the Western hemisphere was being reversed. The United States was stepping outside the Western Hemisphere into Europe. Or, to look at it another way, Europe was now being "covered" by the Monroe Doctrine.

Fear of Russia, which was partly responsible for the Monroe Doctrine, was wholly responsible for the North Atlantic Treaty extending the area of the doctrine. The exclusive Western hemisphere idea was being replaced by an Atlantic community idea. It was proof that the United States had caught up with its own history. The last nail was driven in the coffin of isolationism. The simple explanation of America's historical past could no longer be held valid. This was, in effect, that after the colonists had thrown off the British "yoke", which had caused them to be involved in "Europe's age-old boundary disputes", the United States had lived, expanded and prospered, sheltered by the broad ocean and a firm determination to act the diplomatic hermit. America's fortunate position in the world, in short, had been considered due to herself alone. The North Atlantic Alliance was

recognition (even if indirect) of the fact that in reality the United States was just as much the product of European as of American foreign policy.

Without the help of the French Fleet and the French Army there would have been no United States. Once the Napoleonic Wars were over British foreign policy, supported by the British Fleet with its command of the seas, had made the Monroe Doctrine more than a futile verbal gesture. In the background was the Congress of Vienna which reconstructed Europe so well that there were no "world wars" for a hundred years. It was recently pointed out there were fewer people killed by violence between the close of the Napoleonic War and the outbreak of the first World War than have been killed since the United Nations was established. Since there were no world wars from 1815 to 1914 the United States, rather naturally, was not involved in any. When the 19th-century system broke down because of German ambitions to dominate the Eurasian land mass the United States was involved in two world wars.

It became clear soon after the end of the second World War that Russia, too, had its design for reorganizing and dominating the Eurasian land mass. It seemed highly likely that the two World Wars would not have occurred if the Kaiser and Hitler had not each been so convinced that the United States would remain neutral. Before the second World War there was even an act of Congress making neutrality statutory just to remove any last lingering doubt. Now, by stating in advance in the North Atlantic Treaty that any future aggressor must reckon with the United States from the start, a third world war might be prevented. Even when involved in the first and second World Wars the United States had shied away from the idea that she was part of a defensive alliance. In the first World War she was an associated power and her scruples in the second had the happy result of producing the phrase "United Nations." Now, in time of peace, the United States was doing what she had never done in time of war: she was entering into a permanent alliance.

## ANNIVERSARY OF A MILESTONE

The North Atlantic Treaty contemplated (in Article 12) a general revision after ten years had elapsed. It was a useful provision at the time for it enabled its supporters to claim that a treaty good for twenty years and open to general revision after ten was not after all so "permanent" as to constitute an affront to Washington's memory. There have been so many changes in the structure and organization of the North Atlantic Alliance in the past ten years that no general revision is likely. But, if the Alliance itself has changed, the problems with which it was created to deal have remained very much the same. There is still the threat, and the challenge, presented by the Communist system. There is still the problem of Germany.

One of the changes in the past ten years is that West Germany is now a member of the North Atlantic Alliance. Spain, however, which is a North Atlantic Power by any definition, and was discussed from the start as a possible member, is still outside. Italy, a charter member ten years ago, by a broad definition based on cultural rather than geographic considerations, could be regarded as part of the North Atlantic community. But the definition would have to be stretched to the breaking point to cover Turkey, admitted to membership in 1951 along with Greece.

Ten years ago the Treaty was supported in the United States as a way of promoting European "integration." If the past ten years integration has become an accomplished fact in the Iron and Steel Community, Euratom and the six-nation Common Market.

When the North Atlantic Treaty was signed ten years ago Congress was assured that the United States Government was not thinking of entering into any other defensive alliance. Since then the United States has joined SEATO, it has entered into defensive alliances with Japan, Nationalist China and South Korea. It has not joined the Baghdad Pact, but is ready to sign defensive agreements with its members. This is of chief importance to Persia which is neither like Turkey a member of NATO, nor like Pakistan a member of SEATO. There was still a belief ten years ago that the United States could become a World Power with a limited liability policy. Now it is recognized that you cannot pick a half way point any more than you can stop half way over Niagara. It is all or nothing.

Rereading the debates about the North Atlantic Treaty which took place ten years ago you detect a slightly defensive tone lest the United Nations was being under-

minded. Every effort was made to demonstrate that the alliance would strengthen not supplant the United Nations and was in accordance with Article 51 which acknowledges the right of collective self-defence. Now nobody has a guilty conscience on that score. There is a growing tendency to regard the expanded North Atlantic Alliance and the other defence treaties as a necessary consequence of U.N. weaknesses, not as a contribution to U.N. strength. The usefulness of the U.N. is not as an instrument to maintain collective peace but as the one forum in which two opposed forms of world organization are brought together, the free and voluntary world order and the closed and coerced world order. The value of NATO is that it is one of the means whereby the free and voluntary world order is strengthened to resist the world order which is antagonistic to it and seeking to weaken and ultimately destroy it.

Other assumptions and relics of past thinking heard ten years ago have also faded away in varying degrees. There was a gravely expressed fear when the Alliance was signed that the United States would be putting its stamp of approval on the colonial policies of other nations which it was axiomatic to regard as very reprehensible. The American view of colonialism is now much less of a caricature. There is greater recognition that colonial policies brought ideas of self-government and individual liberty to areas where they never existed before; greater recognition, too, that there was really not so much difference between the expansion of the original thirteen States across a vast continent to the Pacific during the 19th century and the parallel expansion of Europe overseas. America was just luckier in having a smaller indigenous population with which to deal.

Sometimes America's relatively new role as leader of the free and voluntary world order causes exasperation abroad. American policy has been accused of being too rigid as in the Far East, or not firm enough as in the Middle East. It has been accused of blunders and brinkmanship; of not taking other nations' views sufficiently into account and of being too attentive to the views of some particular nation. When doubts and misgivings of any kind arise it is a useful exercise to compare the present position of the United States with its position only a short time ago and ask oneself which is preferable. NATO's tenth birthday provides such an occasion.

DENYS SMITH.



THE URGE TO STAGGER working hours (in order to avoid scenes reminiscent of those French railway trucks which used to be labelled *hommes 40 chevaux* 8) progresses slowly—indeed the real menace of the rush hour is the people who will not rush. Not nearly enough staggering is proposed. It will no doubt help the Underground if, when I ring up my stockbroker, I find he is in the bath, or am told by my banker's butler that his Lordship has already retired—but something far more radical is required to win this battle which the Generals (retd.) of the Transport Commission cannot win for themselves.

The first step is to abolish Bank Holidays. Invented by Lord Avebury (the Patron Saint of Bank Clerks, and a partner in Robarts, Lubbock & Co., whose bank, the finest building in Lombard Street, has recently been demolished by the ghost of Montagu Norman) at a time when holidays of any kind were rare and badly needed, they have now not only served their purpose but do harm rather than good. The violent surges of travel which Bank Holidays create are just as unpleasant to those who are supposed to be enjoying the Holiday as to those organizing transport. Everybody should be given a few extra days off instead: and daily travel would be marginally reduced (by between 1 and 2 per cent.)

But a really drastic solution—dare we suggest it—would be to stagger Sunday. Assuming that about half the rush-hour travellers ordinarily work on Saturday, that would reduce daily travel by over 10 per cent, which should do the trick; and merely to propose it would make people wake up.

\* \* \*

AS YOU RUSH past Trafalgar Square, have a look at the fountains. Erected since the war, their stonework is already being replaced, while Nelson's column—in spite of having been set on fire (I think by Sir Osbert Sitwell) on Armistice Night 1918—seems all right. However, that is not the point. It is probably raining, and they will be playing. Fountains in the sun are what fountains are for: fountains in the rain have a certain loony charm: but fountains in fog provide an

esoteric sensation indeed, as I discovered this winter. Groping my way among the lions, pigeons (grounded, as at Gatwick) and trees, I heard this loud unidentifiable hissing, and there they were, blasting off into space, like the Liberal Party. I expect, for some queer modern reason, it is more expensive to switch them off: at any rate, I hope so.

\* \* \*

IF IT ANNOYS YOU, however, write to the Prime Minister about it. He will reply on his particularly large typewriter. This important piece of stage property—called, wonderfully enough, an Imperial Great Primer—produces huge, widely spaced characters. The resulting letter has special qualities. Clear and open, it conveys an impression of great sincerity, like an underwear button. Short and thick, it makes you feel that the Prime Minister is so important he has very little to say—or has a power of compression beyond ordinary mortals. One pictures brief notes produced on this conservative machine, and sent to failing elder statesmen, whose trembling hands would destroy thinner paper or whose eyes be unable to make out smaller type. On top of it all there is the feeling that the typewriter has crept into Number Ten by the back door; that the letters are typed, it is true, but typed on writing paper: that they are really *almost* written by hand—in fact one cannot be sure the Prime Minister himself is not at the keys. It is all very unprofessional—which is, of course, Mr. Macmillan's greatest strength.

\* \* \*

I HOPE MR. ERITH will not disturb the Imperial Great Primer when he re-vamps 10 Downing Street. His appointment as architect for the building work now in progress (like the choice of Miss Evie Hone for the chapel window at Eton) is one of those very rare events—a bold decision of genius emerging from a committee—and in this case a Government committee at that. He is not only the best man for the job: he is the best man for the last thirty years. The only living architect capable of producing an alternative to steel and glass, he is the last in a long succession, which one thought had ended in Sir Edwin Lutyens. Raymond Erith is not an architect who designs in the classical manner: he is a classical architect. He combines the humanity of Palladio with the austerity of Soane (who designed the dining room at No. 10). When he has finished with it, 10 Downing Street will be a famous building in its own right.

AXMINSTER.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, *National and English Review*

#### THE CHALLENGE

From Mr. Percival M. Dearle

SIR,

It appears that you may have stirred up another hornet's nest—this time in the Church of England. May I dare to suggest that controversy of this description, though it may shock many, should enliven many a dry bone? Brought up as a Free Churchman, I worshipped regularly in Anglican Churches during the war, and now count among my admired friends several not-too-conformist Anglican clergymen. What England needs, surely, is not merely some modernization of the Anglican "system", but the creation of a Church of Englishmen. The Churches of England are today pursuing semi-diplomatic discussions which may lead to some degree of unity for our grandchildren; we may live to salute Methodist or Scottish Presbyterian "Bishops" and find our churches becoming citadels of uniformity in which the ministers have created for themselves something like a secondary Civil Service in dog collars. Many Methodists feel that something of the kind followed the enactment of the Methodist Church as a State creation a few years ago.

Whatever may become of the legalized Prayer Book, the "Authorized" translation of the Bible, or the hierarchy of the Established Church, one thing is most urgent, though it is seldom mentioned. The Christian Church began with the Master and his disciples "going about doing good". He justified his advent in Luke 4: 18/19 and 7:22, not as some new "religious" movement (for which there was no need) but as an example to be followed by which the law might be converted into love. When the Churches of England, many with quite ridiculous nicknames, meaningless in 1959, realize that the *parish* is the real job of the Christian; and that Christ came "not to be ministered unto but to minister", we shall see, in every municipal ward or Anglican parish, a Social Service Committee through which delegates of every Christian "church" will direct canvassers for parochial visitation. Canvassers may sally out to collect for funds approved by the police, and sponsored by the Mayor, e.g. UNICEF, BELRA, calling at every house monthly for such purposes. Of course, the regular parochial visitation is more important than the fund itself, as the

caller must inevitably discover the friendless, lonely, elderly or sick. How many such folk will remember whether the canvasser was a "Baptist", an Elim, or a respectable churchwarden's wife? They will see the Christ, of whom we all talk so much between pulpit and pew, where cushioned seats rarely remind us of cold rooms with fireless grates and damp ceilings. After all, Jesus spent most of his time with publicans and sinners, slumming or handling the problems of poverty or disease which are still the world's greatest anxieties.

Yours faithfully

PERCIVAL M. DEARLE

14 Southbourne Gardens,  
Westcliff,  
Southend-on-Sea.

#### WHY NO WRITS?

From Captain H. C. B. Pipon, R.N.  
SIR,

I cannot see any justification for condemning the Suez adventure on moral grounds, whether we planned it in conjunction with Israel or not. When other nations plot against us, as Russia and Nasser's Egypt undoubtedly had done and were doing, we have every right to plot against them in self-defence, and to take the appropriate action.

We know very well, unless we have been so foolish as to have swallowed the propaganda of our enemies, that the plots against us are designed for our ruin and that our action against Egypt, though aggressive in appearance, was taken for no other purpose than to avert a pressing danger. Every living creature, every tribe and every nation is entitled to defend itself against its enemies and to make whatever plans may be necessary for doing so; but our enemies are determined that our country shall be the one exception to this universal rule.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully

H. C. B. PIPON.

Milford House Hotel,  
Godalming.

[This is just the sort of argument that was used by the late Adolf Hitler, but Great Britain should never follow Nazi Germany in combining lawless violence with maudlin self-pity. "My country right or wrong" is a disastrous doctrine, both ethically and in practice. Captain Pipon should pay less attention to propaganda, and more to the facts.—Ed.]



# books



## GENERAL

GROPING FOR THE TRUTH  
THE SLEEPWALKERS. By Arthur Koestler. Hutchinson, 25s.

**M**R. KOESTLER has given us an excellent account of the development of man's view of the solar system, from Babylonian times to the synthesis by Newton. His "sleepwalkers" are Copernicus, Brahe, Kepler and Galileo. These four, almost by accident, released the Earth and the mind of Man from their lowly prison in the centre of the Universe, where they were enchanted by the cycles and epicycles so conscientiously forged by the astronomers of the Dark Ages.

In a period of a little more than a century (1510 to 1638) the sleepwalkers demolished the universe of Aristotle and Ptolemy. In replacing it with the picture which is orthodox today each, in his peculiar way, played a major part in the invention of modern science itself.

Their story has been told many times. Koestler's achievement is that he has brought these characters alive — not just picturesquely, but in a way which reveals the very essence of their struggles. There is something here for every intelligent and attentive reader: for the non-scientist, insight into the discovering mind and the similarities and differences between science and other habits of thought; for the non-historian, a sweeping away of much of the mythology that still surrounds the lives of the discoverers; for the student of the history of science, a reassessment of a vital process. Most stimulating of all, there are extracts from the introspective writings of Kepler, at long last made available in English.

Koestler sets out to demonstrate several theses and in some cases he succeeds. He robustly adheres to the "heroic" view of science, which is admirable for his purpose of showing genius at work. Only momentarily does he adopt the equally valid "corporate" view that takes into account the lesser men of science, the craftsman, the whole spectrum of science in relation to society and the inexorability of the advance of knowledge.

He makes out a good case for Johannes Kepler as not only the most revolutionary thinker among his four sleepwalkers, but

also the warmest-hearted. Copernicus was a frightened "old sourpuss" who betrayed his best friend; Brahe was a bombastic and secretive courtier; the conceited and intolerant Galileo never really thanked Kepler for his generous loyalty in the face of ridicule. But it was the exiled, underpaid, hypochondriac Kepler who set the supreme example which has brought mankind from the sedan chair to the space rocket. He wrote: "My aim is to show that the heavenly machine is not a kind of divine, live being but a kind of clockwork . . ." Then, having spent years wrestling with the theory of the orbit of Mars, he checked his results against Brahe's observations: and, finding a discrepancy of only eight minutes of arc, he immediately scrapped his theory and started again. He showed, as no one had ever done before, complete humility before hard facts. Was this the most decisive single act in human history?

This remarkable man, Kepler, was also able to project his mind so far from Prague that he deduced the orbit of the Earth by considering how its motion would appear to an astronomer on Mars; he also wrote the first reasonably scientific space fiction story about a journey to the Moon.

In likening his heroes to sleepwalkers, Koestler disposes, one trusts for ever, of the erroneous belief that science progresses by premeditated, logical steps — the idea, for example, that Kepler might have sat down one morning with Brahe's records in front of him and calmly worked out the laws of planetary motion, neatly proved, just as we find them in the textbooks. On the contrary, these men had only the vaguest sense of what they were actually doing. At the moment of discovery they were usually thinking about something quite different. As for their methods, they were delightfully chaotic — depending, at some crucial moments in history, on combinations of errors which by chance cancelled one another out and gave the right answers.

Nowadays, after 400 years of practice, it is easier to be purposeful and logical. Yet it is not so long since Maxwell and Bohr achieved their syntheses of electrical and atomic theory by arguments which were basically unsound (though they are still taught to undergraduates) or since Rutherford, the Copernicus of the atom, announced the discovery of the nucleus without realising the importance of what he had done. It is interesting to note, in passing, that the further development of electronic "brains" is

## GROPING FOR THE TRUTH



Radio Times Hulton Picture Library

JOHANNES KEPLER

held today to depend upon the mechanization of "self-consciousness", "intuition" and the ability to circumvent pure logic. Koestler sums up his main point by saying it is "a perverse mistake to identify the religious need solely with intuition and emotion; science solely with the logical and the rational."

What I find least convincing is Koestler's interpretation of the split which developed between men of science and men of the Church. He likens the clash which led to the trial of Galileo to a Greek tragedy—fair enough. He shows that Galileo was an exasperating and untruthful old man and that the Church leaders were men of intelligence, with no quarrel with the new scientific theories but only with the heretical excursions into theology which Galileo and others arrogantly and needlessly made. That this picture is correct need not be doubted. But the feeling in the text is that the Church can somehow be exonerated. Koestler sees no "sinister connection" between Cardinal Bellarmine's rôles in the trial and burning alive of Giordano Bruno (who would not recant) and in the trial and freeing of Galileo (who did).

This I cannot accept. The Church, *qua* Church, had arrogantly and needlessly made excursions into physics and astronomy, and

it demanded a respect for authority totally out of keeping with the sceptical attitude of the early scientists. There had to be a showdown. In the short run the Church prevailed; in the long run it lost completely. It is easy to share Koestler's distress that man in the scientific age has looked in vain for moral guidance about the application of science. But the fault does not lie with the sleepwalkers, however foolishly they may have disregarded their own safety.

Today, the most charitable view one can take of those who have no time for science, or who have perverted it to their own ends, is that they act in ignorance of the true nature of scientific enquiry. Therefore I feel that Koestler's great contribution is not so much his rethinking of the origins of civilization's split mind, but the very practical step he has taken towards healing it, by writing this penetrating and readable study of men groping for the truth.

NIGEL CALDER.

## AFRICAN ANTHOLOGY

**DARKNESS AND LIGHT: An Anthology of African Writing.** Edited by Peggy Rutherford. *Faith Press.* 18s.

PEGGY RUTHERFOORD spent three years collecting the stories and poems in this book. Some of the best are by friends who had worked with her on *Drum* in Johannesburg but many more were only obtained after complicated diplomatic exchanges with reluctant authors in remote places. Occasionally all her persuasion would fail and, instead of a manuscript, she would receive a letter apologizing for the delay but containing an irrefutable if illogical excuse such as: "I have discovered rats in my roof and during repairs all my papers have been moved into positions whence it is impossible to redeem them". Once she was guided through the narrow, scented streets of the Arab quarter of Mombasa with increasing excitement only to be introduced to an old blind African musician singing an English sea-shanty, and another time, equally unexpectedly, a fellow patient in a London hospital handed her a pile of his manuscripts which he had brought with him from Sierra Leone.

The quality of this book lies in fact in its immense variety. The tales of Ethiopia lend weight to the author's suggestion that Aesop's Fables were originally brought to Europe by a Negro slave, just as the Americanized stories of Uncle Remus clearly had their

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

origin in West Africa. Jomo Kenyatta uses the animals of the jungle with an Orwellian bitterness to illustrate his revolutionary fable for the Kikuyu people. The Kikuyu are represented by a solitary man, the British Government and the white settlers by the various animals of the jungle, "gentlemen chosen by God to look after the interests of races less adequately endowed with teeth and claws". Cyprian Ekwensi writes of ritual murder in Nigeria and Can Themba of the violence of the frenzied mob in Newclare. In his story "Under the Blue Gum Trees" Dyke Sentso describes with subtle irony a *baas* who, through ignorance and insensitiveness rather than wickedness, causes untold suffering but wins in the end by his casual beneficence the gratitude of his African servant. Richard Rive's young hero ruminates after the speech of an African politician that, although he has always been told of the inherent superiority of the white man, "this man says different things and somehow they seem true." Hesitantly he sits down on a "Europeans only" bench and, when he has provoked a white man to punch him for his temerity, he feels for the first time a profound self-confidence.

There is, besides, the dry humour of William Modisane's story "The Dignity of Begging", and the colourful rigmarole of the penny pamphlet by Thomas A. Codjoe, the ancient of Accra, welcoming the Duchess of Kent to the Ghana Independence celebrations: "O Lady of Blue-Sky Fashion and Twenty plus Six Alphabetical Spells of adorable beauty".

Can Themba claims that Africans are creating out of English a language of their own and that he can see traces in these stores of a new African culture. Even if this is an exaggerated claim, one is struck by the originality of expression and the vivid and unusual analogies used.

"We mourn for our country" is the refrain of a song sung by Africans waiting in the pass offices of the Rand, but even in the saddest song there is usually an echo of laughter. The message of this book is not so much in the beautiful poem, translated from the French, by Jean Joseph Rabéarivelo:

Your flute  
and his—  
mourn for their origins  
in the songs of your sorrows

as in James Aggrey's: "My people of Africa, we were created in the image of God, but men have made us think that we are chickens, and we still think we are; but we are eagles. Stretch forth your wings and fly!"

ANTHONY GRIGG.

CHURCHILL COMPRESSED  
THE SECOND WORLD WAR. Abridged one-volume edition. By Winston S. Churchill. *Cassell*. 35s.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO FRENCH LITERATURE. Compiled and edited by Sir Paul Harvey and J. E. Heseltine. *O.U.P.* 45s.  
A SECOND JACOBEAN JOURNAL. By G. B. Harrison. *Routledge & Kegan Paul*. 30s.  
OUT OF NOAH'S ARK. By Herbert Wendt. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 36s.

HAVELOCK ELLIS. A Biography by Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Hart-Davis*. 30s.  
AN ARTIST OF LIFE. By John Stewart Collis. *Cassell*. 25s.

ALONG THE ROAD TO FROME. By Christopher Hollis. *Harrap*. 17s. 6d.

THE MOUNTAINS OF RASSELAS. By Thomas Pakenham. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 21s.

FEE FI FO FUM! By Sir Osbert Sitwell. *Macmillan*. 15s.

FIVE FINGER EXERCISE. By Peter Shaffer. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

A TASTE OF HONEY. By Shelagh Delaney. *Methuen*. 3s. 6d.

POEMS AND BALLADS. By John Davidson. Selected, with an introduction by R. D. Macleod. *Unicorn Press*. 16s.

THE original publication of this volume by Sir Winston Churchill, *The Second World War*, was applauded by critics and general readers all over the world and now, as Sir Winston writes, "The long task I set myself in writing the six volumes of *The Second World War* will now appear in an abridged form for the use of those who wish to know what happened without being cumbered with too much detail, especially military detail."

Added to this abridged version, which has been compiled by Mr. Denis Kelly, is a new epilogue of the years 1945 to 1947. Mr. Kelly has done his work extremely well and has recourse only very occasionally to linking material of his own. On the whole, Sir Winston's summing up of the post-war years is characteristically generous and temperate. He does talk about the Labour Party's "violently factional view on India". There is no allusion to the Suez affair. A re-reading of the original history makes one feel that Sir Winston has attained high stature as a historian and his final conclusion that if the free world, led by Britain and the United States, kept together, Russia would come no further than a cold war, seems to indicate that Sir Winston refuses to become a pessimist. This edition will be

## CHURCHILL COMPRESSED

very popular with those who find shelf space for books of an ever-growing problem.

*The Oxford Companion to French Literature* is the seventh in this most useful series and once again one is glad to see the name of Sir Paul Harvey as part editor. The intention of the work is to help readers who want to find the explanation of an allusion or recall a plot, to fit a character to a book, or an author to a title, to relate a king to his dynasty, or a movement to its century. There are 6,000 entries, most of them dealing with writers, but there are also historians, scientists, statesmen and philosophers. The less important writers, of whom there are very many, are neatly fitted in and there are some splendid eccentrics. The work is especially useful because it does give the relevant details of an author's life and enumerates his works and the dates of first publication. Other articles deal with historical events and trends.

The period covered ranges from about A.D. 400 to the decade before the last war. The editors are modest in their claim that the book is comprehensive but not complete, it is hard to see how it could be bettered in accomplishing the work the two editors set out to perform.

Too little attention has been given to the valuable series of "Journals" written by Dr. G. B. Harrison as records of the things most talked about in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. *A Second Jacobean Journal* covers the years 1607 to 1610, and it is written in the belief that Elizabethan and Jacobean literature cannot be fully understood without some knowledge of the matters relating to the original reader or playgoer. As Dr. Harrison rightly says, Shakespeare's plays were written to give pleasure to his contemporaries and not to give material to we future critics. He has hidden in the useful obscurity of the pages devoted to notes, the sources of every entry in the "Journal", and almost all of them are contemporary. The events of the period were not as dramatic as some of those set forth in the preceding book. King James is the central character, he was becoming a sore trial to his servants, and not least because of his everlasting restlessness. In each of the four years covered, the King changed his nightly lodgings some forty times. Other matters include the Great Frost, controversies between the King and his theologians, bitter religious persecutions, the maturing of the young Prince Henry and

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## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

the rise of the favourite Robert Carr, in France Henri Quatre was murdered. These were great years for the drama which included the appearance of *Antony and Cleopatra*, *King Lear*, *Volpone*, *The Faithful Shepherdess* and *The Alchemist*. Altogether, *A Second Jacobean Journal* makes easy reading and contains much valuable background material.

The German author, Dr. Herbert Wendt's *Out of Noah's Ark* begins by flirting with the fabulous and has some pleasant references to unicorns, mermaids, abominable snowmen, dragons and legendary fowls, such as the Vouron-Patra. The author's main purpose is with the real animals that live or have lived upon earth, and on the whole the monstrous fauna are more remarkable than the beasts of legend. It has taken considerable courage to investigate the habits of animal life and such men as William Reade, James Chapin, Bouffon and Diodorus are to be thanked for their research into the real and the imaginary.

The centenary of the birth of Havelock Ellis, the son of a sea-captain, was celebrated last month and two biographies appeared. Mr. John Stewart Collis's *An Artist of Life* is perhaps less lively than its companion volume, *Havelock Ellis*, a biography by Arthur Calder-Marshall, but it gives an excellent account of the strange near-genius who accompanied his father on a voyage around the world at the age of 17 and remained in Australia for four years as a schoolmaster, where, in the bush, he gained the experience from which he wrote his charming little story *Kanga Creek*.

Mr. Calder-Marshall's book is more polished and more fully biographical.

As a literary critic, especially in his introductions to the Mermaid Library on Elizabethan subjects, Ellis showed real appreciation and eloquence, but he is best known for the seven volumes of his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, which brought him the most unfortunate publicity and has been widely discussed ever since, generally by people who have not read a word of this extraordinary work. The good Havelock Ellis has done in exploring the darker by-ways of sex has been very greatly underestimated. His *Studies* have brought comfort and understanding to many and it is probable that they might still be read with advantage by a great many magistrates and judges.

In his book, *Along the Road to Frome*,

Mr. Christopher Hollis writes with enthusiasm about his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, his days at Eton and his time at Balliol, where with his friend Douglas Woodruff he celebrated the centenary of the Irish Treaty by dancing on the Broad. It is not for nothing that one of Mr. Woodruff's favourite authors is Belloc, whose independencies of mind he inherited. Mr. Hollis's activities have brought him into touch with large numbers of interesting people and his immensely honest statement of his religious faith, coupled with a number of good stories, makes *Along the Road to Frome* well worth reading.

It is 200 years since Dr. Johnson first won much praise from readers of his romantic story *Rasselas* and little more than 100 years later Disraeli, commenting upon the successful outcome of the British expedition to Abyssinia, announced, "We have hoisted the standard of St. George on the Mountains of Rasselas". Johnson's tale describes the fate of the royal princes of Abyssinia, who were condemned to be imprisoned in a mountain fastness until they died or were called to the throne. Mr. Pakenham visited Ethiopia to find out how much of this was truth and how much legend. He soon found that once off the motor-road the country was in many places almost trackless. The province of Belesa, where the mountain lay, was still celebrated for its bandits. It was here that he discovered the truth about the predicament of the princes, but it would not be fair to reveal what this is. It is a well written and unconventional travel book.

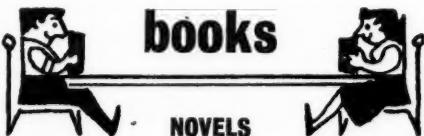
The literary activities of the Sitwell family are often unexpected and Sir Osbert's collection of fairy stories retold, *Fee Fi Fo Fum*, agreeably present old themes in new and extremely different versions. It is always a pleasure to read Sir Osbert's admirable English.

So many contemporary plays are composed of dialogue which is only effective upon the stage, that it is a pleasure to call attention to two plays—Mr. Peter Shaffer's *Five Finger Exercise*, a first play which deserves to be read as well as seen upon the stage, and Miss Shelagh Delaney's remarkable piece *A Taste of Honey*. It is an extraordinary thing for a nineteen-year-old girl to have written. Both she and Mr. Shaffer indicate more than ordinary promise for the future.

## NOVELS

In the Unicorn Press's *Poems and Ballads* by John Davidson, we have once more a voice from the past which deserves to be heard again. The selection has been made by Mr. R. D. Macleod and it appears fifty years after John Davidson's suicide. The editor contributes a useful, informative introduction. No one would claim that Davidson was a great poet, but he is still most readable and Mr. Macleod offers a convincing statement of Davidson's real ability.

ERIC GILLETT.



### NOVELS

A TIGRESS IN PROTHERO. By Frank Swinerton. *Hutchinson*. 15s.

MANDINGO. By Kyle Onstott. *Longmans*. 18s.

A FRIEND IN POWER. By Carlos Baker. *Faber*. 16s.

THE HIT. By Julian Mayfield. *Joseph*. 13s. 6d.

THE PISTOL. By James Jones. *Collins*. 12s. 6d.

RAPE OF THE FAIR COUNTRY. By Alexander Cordell. *Gollancz*. 16s.

TEA AT SHADOW CREEK. By Geoffrey Cottrell. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 16s.

THE LUNATIC REPUBLIC. By Compton Mackenzie. *Chatto & Windus*. 15s.

THE REVOLVING MAN. By Victor Anant. *Macgibbon & Kee*. 15s.

LET ME SEE YOUR FACE. By Jack Beeching. *Heinemann*. 15s.

ENGLAND seems almost deserted by the novelists this month, but Frank Swinerton is faithful to his East Anglican town of Prothero. How accomplished a novelist he is, and gratifyingly old-fashioned in his habit of telling a good story and telling it well. *A Tigress in Prothero* continues the complex, slightly Dickensian chronicle of the Grace family, showing lawyer Jeremy in physical and financial decline, his sons and winning daughter approaching maturity, and his nonpareil wife Mary accepting new responsibilities and guiding and guarding her family past whatever rocks and sirens threaten. The period is between-the-wars,

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but the author seems uncertain from what point of time he is writing; he may here and there trouble readers unfamiliar with this book's precursor; and some of his characters show a Pinero-like tendency to run too true to form. But these are minor flaws in an efficient and effective novel which by its variety, plausibility and liveliness of incident and character both holds and rewards the unpretentious reader's attention.

Now across the Atlantic to a book about Alabama in the 1830's that rings horribly true (which is not to accept it as a veracious picture of life everywhere below the Mason-Dixon Line). The Maxwells, father and son, are prosperous slave-breeders (cotton having already largely exhausted the soil of their, as of neighbouring, plantations) and their callous-careful treatment of their stud is horrible. Trouble looms up when young Hammond Maxwell, since there must be a white heir, marries his cousin Blanche, to be not only nauseated by her white flesh but outraged by discovery that she is not a virgin. So he does not give up the black concubine to whom he is devoted; Blanche retaliates in an unforgivable way; and

*Mandingo* (the name of a breed of slave of which the Maxwells are particularly proud) reaches a climax as ghastly as any Elizabethan devised. Kyle Onstott knows the period and the locality and is fertile in the invention of characters to fit the environment and skilled in making them pitiable as well as monstrous. The publishers are justified in calling the book appalling.

What a relief to turn to *A Friend in Power*—no less authentic, at least as subtle and veracious in its character-studies, but how comfortably civilized! Carlos Baker's theme is simple: the President of a top-ranking American university announces his retirement, and a small professorial committee is set up to advise the Trustees on a successor. So there is uncovering of strengths and weaknesses, of intrigues and ambitions, all of them human and in the context important, and all leading to a conclusion which the perceptive reader may anticipate. Of course the inner working of an American university is *sui generis* (as, doubtless, that of a British one) but the author is fully at home and takes the reader with him. I found that as I advanced into this tranquil narrative my interest in it deepened.

From an Eastern university we return to coloured life; this time to today's all-black Harlem. Hubert Cooley, superintendent of tenements, thinks of little but "the numbers"—a lottery far inferior in top-prizes and, I should have thought, in interest to our Pools. But to Hubert it offers a dream of success, including a new life and wife in California, and nothing will stop him staking more than he can afford. *The Hit* relates the day on which he gambled on 417—not his day only, but his wife's and his son's and some others' too. The excitement and passion and misconceptions lead to a conclusion which emphasizes Julian Mayfield's capacity to make us view his characters with an understanding that embraces compassion as well as amusement.

I found the basic assumption of *The Pistol* hard to accept—that this weapon with which a G.I. was issued at Pearl Harbour just before the attack and which in the confusion he retained, became an obsession not only with the G.I. but also with his comrades, so that they were ready almost to do murder to get it. Upon the validity of the assumption depend the development of characters and the actions and incidents tensely and vividly described. The author obviously has no doubt; his sincerity may reflect a difference between the American and the British re-

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## NOVELS

action to the exigencies of unfamiliar circumstances, warfare in particular. Indeed I think that the British reader may find the main interest of the book to lie rather in that difference than in the qualities that give it its appeal to the American public.

Next, a Welshman's story of Glamorgan in the throes of the Industrial Revolution, with the proudly humble Mortymers sinking lower in the scale as the ironmasters' grip tightens: with Welsh lubricity competing for Alexander Cordell's fine descriptive powers against tyrannies which, in some nationalist fashion, all stem from the English. All this is told with a Welshman's fervour for words, with Welsh turns of speech which entertain till they pall with repetition, with a vivid vehemence that can cross the border of poetry, with a multitude of characters and incidents that range from the grossly farcical to the elaborately tragic. Thus *Rape of the Fair Country* runs its powerful if predestined course, to give special delight to Welshmen, as its publishers are at pains to emphasize by proffering the advance opinions of four eminent Welshmen who between them find the book (or "evocation") tremendous, terrible, lovely and exciting. One of them goes so far as to assert that in it "there is more vitality to the page than I have found in very few books during my time".

Geoffrey Cotterell, another very efficient author but not here at his compelling best, takes us to Australia, and shows us a great deal of it, from Melbourne all the way to the tropical north, through the eyes of an English settler-to-be. We meet this Anderson on his outward voyage, when he falls in love with an Australian girl. His courtship—earnest but necessarily intermittent as he looks for a job or travels as a salesman—is the thread on which the author hangs convincing (but not alluring) sketches of the Australian scene; it is strengthened by the intertwining of the tragi-comic love-story of the unattractive Miss Canaris. Indeed, in retrospect, of the two stories that begin when Miss Canaris and Anderson meet on board ship and end—or peter out—with *Tea at Shadow Creek*, Miss Canaris's is scarcely of subordinate interest.

Now an excursion to the Moon, directed by Compton Mackenzie and yet not a wholly comfortable one. True, he steers clear of space-travel technicalities, and it is proper enough to postulate a 1997 Earth dominated by China; but the Moon is today too neighbourly to allow a satire-State even on its

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other side, and, at that, a State inhabited by beings who (conveniently for the Englishmen rocketed aloft with a Chinese scientist for the first exploration) talk a basic English. Then again *The Lunatic Republic* inevitably challenges comparison with Swift and Wells and Butler—and comes off second best each time. None the less it is a pleasing piece of satire especially in its demonstration that it is the illogicalities that make life worth living on Earth. The freshness of the quietly comic invention is maintained to the book's inconclusive end.

It seems to me that John Atma (who is *The Revolving Man*) is an Indian equivalent of our Angry Young Man, though with him it is a matter rather of mutiny than anger. His motives and emotions are, naturally enough, difficult for the Western reader to appreciate. He is a son of a South Indian family of modest circumstance and, we may think, somewhat vulgar habit, but Brahmin. Some *daemon*—an urge to choose his own way of life in the light of experience?—drives him to break away from his family tradition, a deceitful prodigal; to earn (or get) a precarious living, notably in Bombay journalism; to make friends and acquaintances, mostly raffish or worse; finally to live with a family of prostitutes in Madras and, in a close-packed epilogue, to "marry" in London the wife of a former colleague and then return with an infant son not so much to his family as his birthplace. This is a book easy enough to read, a provocative and entertaining blend of East and Oriental West; it surely deserves attentive re-reading by any who care for an informed and informative study of an Indian of today.

A London advertising agency is a modish setting; it helps a mildly sardonic author to depict talent in frustration and cleverness professing itself "creative". The essence of *Let Me See Your Face* is the relations of the agency's "research" man Jimmy James (narrator, ex-RAF, anti-war), Sara his wife (well-to-do, Communist, pregnant) and Jessie the executive (not so young, very alluring, not the marrying kind). This in truth is just another triangle; it is not really affected by moral scruples about participation in an Army recruiting campaign, and its trio of characters are nothing out of the way. The agency however and its atmosphere are so brightly and realistically conveyed, its trivialities made so plausibly important, that it becomes more than background to James's emotional upheavals.

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## RECORDS



### records

#### Orchestral

A GRAMOPHONE record dealer told me recently that no matter how many new versions of the most popular symphonies appeared there were always plenty of customers to buy them. They wanted the latest one, being under a vague impression that it would necessarily be the best: a dangerous assumption. Cluytens's performance of Beethoven's "5th" must, however, be put very high in the list of the eighteen discs now available, and that is praise enough. The recording does full justice to it and the splendid playing of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and in the equally good performance of *Leonora* No. 3 on the reverse I found to my delight not only really soft playing but a clear distinction between double and treble piano. How rare that is on a disc (H.M.V. ALP 1657). It is not invariably present in the otherwise finely recorded performance Beecham gives, with the French National Radio Orchestra, of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* (H.M.V. ALP 1633). As for the performance one has to draw again on all the superlatives in the language. This is indeed a case of the last being first: there has been nothing before to touch it. Who can explain such magic as this? Goossens, with the Pro Arte Orchestra, gives an excellent and very well recorded performance of Prokofiev's delightful "Classical" Symphony on Pye CEC 32032.

Recordings of Handel will, no doubt, soon be arriving in great numbers. Meanwhile here are two seven-inch discs containing the best known movements from the *Water Music* and the whole of the *Music for the Royal Fireworks* except the Overture.

These pieces are well played by the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra under Willem van Otterloo (Fontana CFE 15020 and 15013).

A very interesting disc has been made by the Philharmonia Hungarica Orchestra, composed of Hungarian musicians who fled to Austria after the tragic end of the uprising in 1956 and here play, under Antal Dorati, Bartok's *Divertimento for String Orchestra* and an *Hungarian Folk Dance Suite* by Leó Weiner. Their string tone is most beautiful

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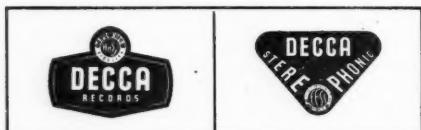
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and gives great poignancy to the slow movement of Bartok's lovely *Divertimento*. In the delightful Weiner Suite they have a chance—and take it—to show their virtuosity (Fontana CFL 1022).

Stravinsky's two little Suites for small orchestra, brilliantly played by the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Efrem Kurtz, make a very attractive coupling on H.M.V. 7 ER 5122. They were made up, in 1921 and 1925, of orchestrations of a series of early piano duets, and the first Suite was written for a Parisian music hall sketch; they have a certain affinity with Walton's *Façade* Music. The American side of Copland's talent is well reflected in *El Salón Mexico*, *Danzón Cubano*, and *Rodeo*, played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Dorati (Mercury MMA 11005). The first two are noisy, if exhilarating, pieces and it is rather a relief to turn to *Rodeo* which has some moments of poetry and more imaginative scoring. The same conductor and orchestra give us Gershwin's *An American in Paris* and a "symphonic picture" of his opera *Porgy and Bess*, arranged with great art by Robert Russell Bennett, with all the lovely tunes gathered in. This is an enchanting and very well recorded disc (Mercury MMA 11004).

*Also recommended:* Mozart's two Serenades for Wind Octet (K 375 and 388) with the alternative Minuet and Trio from K 375, beautifully played by the London Baroque Ensemble, conducted by Karl Haas (Pye CCL 30119).

### Chamber Music

There is a most welcome disc of the two last quartets from Haydn's op. 76, D major and E flat major, both masterpieces and both very acceptably played by the Budapest String quartet (Philips ABR 4070). In another world altogether is Kodály's passionately emotional Second Quartet—the slow movement is a most original piece of work—with Villa-Lobos's ebullient Sixth Quartet on the reverse, in which the players are sometimes required to do almost everything but stand on their heads. This exciting work is brilliantly played by the Hungarian String quartet, who also plumb the melancholy depths of the Kodály (Columbia 33 CX 1614).

### Instrumental

Dame Myra Hess has made an adorable record of pieces she loves by Bach (you can

## RECORDS

guess what) Scarlatti, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms and—this is a surprise from her—Granados's *Lover and the Nightingale*, which she plays exquisitely—as everything else on this most treasurable ten-inch disc (H.M.V. BLP 1103). Admirers of Richter's marvellous pianism will want his fine performances of Schumann's discursive *Humoresque* and the Tchaikovsky *Piano Sonata* but must be warned that the recording is rather poor. (Parlophone PMA 1044).

Arrau in Beethoven's last two piano sonatas, A flat, op. 110 and C minor, op. 111, must be heard: his treatment of the music may not be to everyone's liking, but there is some magnificent playing here (Columbia 33 CX 1610).

### Choral

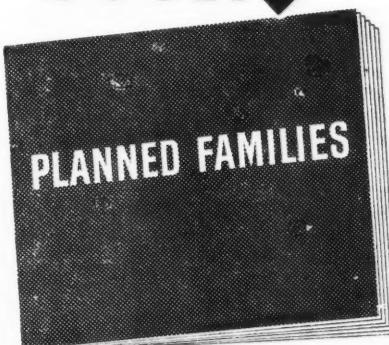
There is just room for a word about Beecham's recording of Schumann's *Manfred* music, complete, with the R.P.O., soloists, chorus, and actors. It was all, except the splendid *Overture*, new to me and most enjoyable. The *Requiem* (Manfred's death scene) is particularly beautiful. Schumann put his whole heart into the composition of the sixteen numbers and so has Beecham—it is a favourite work of his—with this generally well recorded performance. (Fontana CFL 1026-7). Opera must be held over till next month.

ALEC ROBERTSON.



WE are nearing the end of the Financial Year, with all that that implies for companies, investment managers, ordinary private investors—and taxpayers. Before another issue of this Review appears we shall be discussing, with satisfaction or disappointment, the Budget proposals. It will certainly be the Chancellor's last Budget before the General Election. Taxes and the need to find the wherewithal to meet them, hopes of some relief in the current burden on industry and the individual, reports and calculations on the state and prospects of the nation's economy and speculation on the outcome of the Election, have all been much in the minds of the investing public. If equity price

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levels are a guide to the mood engendered by these thoughts, they show it to be one of optimism. The Government, it is argued, has succeeded in putting the pound on a sound basis; industry, according to company chairmen's reports, has been on the upgrade for some months (except where there are areas of severe unemployment) and a new survey by the F.B.I. showed a widespread if cautious optimism for the future. The Chancellor has not given any direct hint, but he has allowed a faint breath of optimism about the general trend to pass his lips and the Estimates have been kept on a tight rein. In view of all this it is easy for the disenchanted to argue that the Prime Minister will demand a "popular" Budget and to bet that a shilling will come off income tax if only for Election reasons.

#### *Politics abroad*

For those who are determined to resist facile optimism and who have no inclination to speculate on the chances of a Tory victory at the Election polls, there are some situations overseas which induce more sober thinking. At the head of affairs in America there is, politically if not physically, an ailing President—now gravely worried at the crippling illness of his Secretary of State. There are also reports, based on statistics, that the American economy is not as healthy as the optimists have made out and a growing opinion that the Wall Street boom, based largely on the belief that equities are a hedge against a shaky currency, should have had, and must inevitably have, a good shake-out, whether it is called a "technical correction" or something more serious.

There are uncertainties of the most disturbing kind about the true Russian attitude to Europe and especially Germany. Mr. Macmillan may bring some hopeful news from Moscow, but as I write the outcome of his visit is a matter of sheer speculation. Equally uncertain, and carrying similar if not much graver potentialities, is the situation in the Middle East, where Russia could, if she wished, engender a crisis in Iran. An imminent election battle here might seem to Mr. Khrushchev a suitable moment to create a threat to the oil supplies of the West. March and the spring months could be difficult for the Prime Minister. The course of international affairs could even make him decide to confound the pundits (who have plumped for an October Election) and go to the country on the heels of a tax-cutting Budget.

#### *Taxes and the citizen*

The imminence of the Budget and the end of the Financial Year has brought the usual crop of arguments and theses expounded over pints in the pub or port at the professors' tables. While the experts may argue about the merits of investment allowances as a stimulant to the national economy, the humble layman broods over the extent of the ammunition he can assemble in his coming battle with the tax-gatherer. Very few citizens know the extent or calibre of the ammunition that lies in their lockers. The wise ones go to an expert (any good Chartered Accountant) and find it well worth his fee to fight the battle for them. For those Davids who prefer to meet their Goliath alone I heartily recommend a small book\* that has just come into my hands. The author calls his Guide a "Simple" one and his claim is amply justified by the clarity of his presentation of a vastly intricate subject and the lucidity of his exposition of the ways in which the average man is affected by tax concessions and allowances. You won't need a wet towel round your head to read this slim volume: you will positively enjoy it, if only because you will learn from it many things which will help you in your annual contest to retain as much as you can for yourself and your family out of your hard-earned income.

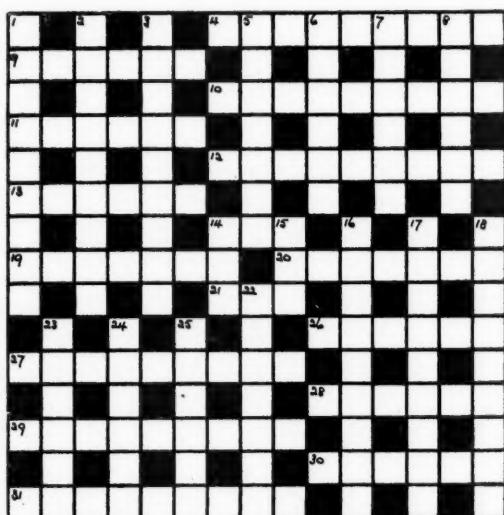
Do you, for example, really know "what you don't pay tax on?" Do you know all about the taxes you have to pay when you buy and own a house? Or the claims for allowances you can make as a householder, or when you lease a house to someone, furnished or unfurnished? You will find it all set out clearly in this small "Simple Guide".

The "average investor" should read the chapter on "How your dividends are taxed". He will find some facts which may cause him to review his list of holdings in relation to his tax position. The "professional" investor knows all about Double Taxation Relief and Company tax rates: the small investor usually knows nothing and thinks they hardly affect him. They could—to his detriment—and this chapter explains how and why. If you do not employ an accountant buy this small book and study it before you fill in your Income Tax forms this month.

LOMBARDO.

\* A SIMPLE GUIDE FOR THE TAXPAYER. By John Wood. Putnam. 9s. 6d.

# NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 31



A Prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on March 16. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Last month's winner is:

Mr. J. Idris Owen,  
Perllan-Dy,  
Llanidloes,  
Montgomeryshire

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 30

**ACROSS.**—1. Beauty. 4. Discover. 9. Aramis. 10. Commoner. 11. Smacks. 12. Life-belt. 13. Sec. 14. Intend. 17. Gentle. 21. Tea-urn. 25. Dry. 26. Canaries. 27. Spinel. 28. Oblivion. 29. Messian. 30. Listless. 31. Friezz.

**DOWN.**—1. Bearskin. 2. Atlanta. 3. Thinking. 5. Ironie. 6. Compel. 7. Veneer. 8. Rarity. 12. Letters. 15. Dec. 16. Let. 18. Leap-year. 19. Turnpike. 20. Instance. 22. School. 23. Angles. 24. Drivel. 25. Demons.

## CLUBS

### ACROSS

- Scholarship which can be auctioned (9)
- Like a general quietly slumbering (6)
- Beds are turned before monarchs set foot in them (9)
- Train a number of fish (6)
- "An acre in . . . is better than a principality in Utopia." Macaulay (*Essay on Lord Bacon*) (9)
- Race madly round the doctor, being arch (6)
- The remainder of the fire wood (3)
- Stained as an alternative (7)
- It gives one a start (7)
- Decoration is partly to beautify (3)
- Song of praise for a hard worker on the border (6)
- A pern's made to change (9)
- Present a length of material for Christmas (6)
- Little ones are carried in pockets (9)
- Props for unevenness in streets (6)
- Sheep woman artist turned on to a heath (9)

### DOWN

- Make a lot of fuss — Adam had to (5-4)
- Unusually calm is the seeker for the elixir of life (9)
- Take steps to make the instrument operate (9)
- Buttonholes instead perhaps (7)
- A hundred goes to one bounder, a chirpy being (6)
- This is undoubtedly right (6)
- Feasts for the soldier in metal containers (6)
- What a fuss when meadows are cleared of buildings! (3)
- Hasten, partly to shield someone (3)
- Directors (9)
- Just rough ties maybe (9)
- "Wearing the white flower of a . . . life." Tennyson (*Idylls of the King*) (9)
- Graduates readily produce an instrument (7)
- Bather's distressed respiration (6)
- There are variations on this riddle (6)
- Turning round, tears back to a learner (6)

## EDUCATIONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

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## HOTEL GUIDE

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**A**NGMERING-ON-SEA, near Worthing, is nice at any time of year. Good food, comfort and warmth is provided at The South Strand Hotel, Rustington 1086.

**A**SCOT.—Berystede Hotel. West End standard of comfort in country surroundings. Extensive gardens. Tennis. Golf. Riding. 'Phone: 888/90. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

**B**ATTLE, Sussex.—'Phone Battle 219. Park Gate Hotel, Catsfield. Club licence. Your recommendation our advertisement. Every comfort. Dogs welcome. A.A., R.A.C. Terms.

**B**ATTLE, Sussex.—Ye Olde Chequers Hotel, 14th century inn, situated delightful country. 6 miles coast. Rest and relaxation. Licensed.

**B**ETCHWORTH, Nr. Dorking.—The Barley Mow Hotel. Luncheons. Dinners. Residential. Three golf courses near.

**B**EXHILL.—Annandale Hotel, 25 yds. seafront, extensive improvements. 2 lrgs., spac. dng rm., 17 1st floor bedrms., Slumberlands, comf., satisfac. A.A./R.A.C. Tel. 529.

**B**EXHILL.—Barbados Hotel, Club licence. A mod. hotel on unrivalled sea front site fcg. south. Good food, superior amenities. Children welcome. Grnd. Fl. accom. Brochure. Tel. 1871.

**B**EXHILL.—Centre sea front, Wilton Court Hotel. Lift, radio in bdrms., T.V., dancing. Comfort and good food. Licensed. Low winter terms. Brochure. Tel. 1315.

**B**IRCHINGTON.—Beresford Hotel. A.A./R.A.C.\*\*\*\* Open all year. Secluded cliff top, priv. lawns and sandy beach. Sat. Din./Dances. Squash. Tennis. Thanet 41345.

**B**ROADSTAIRS.—The Hotel on the Jetty—a small comfble. hotel ovrlkng sea & Viking Bay. Noted for excnt cuisine. Restaurant open to non-residents. 'Phone Thanet 61905.

**B**ROADSTAIRS.—Esplanade Hotel. Fully licensed. Finest sea-front position. 24 b'rms. T.V. and Sun Lounges. Games Room. Car Par. Res. Proprietors. Thanet 62596.

**B**ROADSTAIRS.—Warwick Hotel, Granville Rd., 150 yds. from seafront centre; fully licensed. 20 bedrooms from 8½ gns. Illustrated brochure. Thanet 62246.

**C**AMBRIDGE.—Blue Boar Hotel, Opposite Trinity Great Gate, conveniently situated for the Colleges and points of interest. 'Phone: 3030. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

**C**ANTERBURY'S new fully licensed Hotel, the *Chaucer*, Ivy Lane, close to the cathedral and city centre. 'Phone: 4427/8. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

**C**ANTERBURY.—Dunkirk Hotel AA/RAC. 25 bedrooms. 4 miles north of city on A2 (London-Dover). Ideal stop-over for travellers to Continent. Comfort, good food & service assured. Tel.: Boughton 283.

**C**ANTERBURY.—The County Hotel situated in centre of city, 42 b'rms: night porter; garage; car park; Rotary H.Q.; stockrooms. Tel. 2066. Terms on application.

**C**ARDIFF.—Park Hotel; Restaurant; Grill; Banqueting and Conference Rooms; Cocktail Bar; American Bar; Garage. 'Phone 23471 (5 lines).

**C**LIFFONVILLE.—Walpole Bay Hotel. A.A.\*\*\* 65 bedrms all with sea views. Lift. Ballroom. Every comfort and exc. catering assured. Brochure. Tel. Thanet 21703.

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**C**LIFFONVILLE, Kent.—Endcliffe Hotel, facing sea. Every comfort. Lift. Night porter. T.V. Room radios. Terms from 9 gns. in winter. B&B. from 22/6. Thanet 21829.

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The Rt. Hon. LORD HAILSHAM Q.C.

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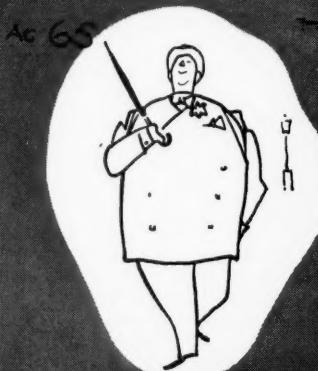
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